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All down the street the women and girls sat spinning and gossiping together before their doors. We could hear the voices and laughter, and the dogs barking a long way off; and the neighbours could hear us at our discussions; but we did not trouble ourselves about that, we were beginning to lose fear and to gain confidence.

Sometimes Marguerite came, and she and I would talk and laugh together in the little arbour. I do not think I was ever happier than at this time, when I used to see Marguerite often, but I did not even dare to tell her I loved her.

One evening, at about eight o'clock, we were out of doors, and the moon was shining above the oak tree. Létumier was talking loud as usual, and Cochart, his hooked nose dipping into his red beard, his short pipe between his teeth, and his eyes rounded like an owl's, was smoking lazily, with his elbow on the table. His business as a woodcutter did not bring him in much, as may readily be believed, but from time to time he managed to elude the tolls, and smuggle a good sack of

tobacco in from Graufthal, which he sold in the neighbourhood to very good profit. Our political disputes bade fair to last until ten o'clock, as usual, when the small gate in the street side opened, and a man in plain clothes, accompanied by two sergeants of police, walked in, and came towards us slowly, narrowly inspecting us. The man in plain clothes was Mathurin Poulet, the collector from the German Gate, whose protruding eyes shone in the moonlight, whose red nose gleamed redder than usual, and whose huge stomach hung down over his thighs. He was notorious for his gluttony, and looked like the tremendous eater he was. His perquisites as collector were far from enough to provide for his favourite vice, and Poulet was a man to whom all natural relations, and all human feelings, were indifferent when it was a question of filling his larder. He would have denounced God himself, if he could have got a reward for so doing; and notwithstanding his stupid look, he was as cunning as a fox in detecting frauds on the revenue and pursuing smugglers. He dreamed of such feats day and night, and

lived by his denunciations as other men lived by their work. The two sergeants followed him, in the ordinary uniform, which was popularly known as "strips of bacon."

They were big men, six feet high, and both deeply marked with small-pox. Before the Revolution almost everyone was marked, beautiful girls lived in constant danger of losing their beauty, and handsome men were no better off. Blind and one-eyed people abounded, in consequence of this terrible malady, and yet, it was as hard to induce the people to adopt vaccination as it had been to make them plant potatoes, perhaps even more so. The people always begin by rejecting what is for their good. What a misfortune!

The three men came on, and when they were within a few steps of the table, Poulet pointed to Cochart, and said, with an air of satisfaction: "There he is! we have him!" We heard this with general indignation, for we all knew that Cochart had for a long time supplied Poulet with tobacco for nothing. But Poulet thought nothing about trifles of that kind, and said to the sergeants:

"Take hold of him! That is the man!"

The two others then took hold of Cochart, who cried out, as he let his pipe fall:

"What do you want with me? What have I done?"

We all looked at each other, frightened, and Poulet answered him laughing:

"We have come for the two bags of contraband tobacco which you brought in yesterday from the Graufthal; you know all about them, I mean the two bags which are hidden under the planks behind the chimney, in your garret, on the right?"

We understood by this that the unlucky Cochart had been denounced by some envious neighbour, and we trembled, for it was a case of the galleys!

No one dared to stir, for it was even a more serious matter then than now, to resist the excise; not only were your lands, house, and money taken from you, but, if rovers happened to be wanted at Marseilles, or Dunkerque, you would be sent off thither, and no more would be heard of you. This had happened several times in the mountain, and once

even at Baraques, to the son of Géneviéve Paquotte.

He had been denounced by Poulet for selling contraband salt, and convicted, and ever since people said that François Paquotte was in the country where pepper and ginger grew. Old Géneviéve had lost all she had by the expenses of the prosecution, and she was now infirm and a beggar. You may therefore imagine what a fright we were all in.

"Come," said Poulet, "let us be off!"

Létumier did not seem inclined to shout any longer; he was as dumb as a carp in a bucket. All these braggarts learn sudden prudence at the sight of a sergeant or a gendarme, whereas those who are quieter frequently have some real courage. The two sergeants proceeded to shake and pull Cochart, trying to drag him off the bench. Poulet kept on saying: "One good pull more, and he must come!"

Suddenly, Marguerite, who was sitting beside me in the arbour, raised her voice in the silence, and said:

"Take care what you are doing, Monsieur

Poulet, for you have no right to arrest that man."

All the men turned round, startled, and pale with fear, and looked at her. They had recognised Marguerite's voice, but they could not believe in her courage. Poulet, like the others, looked round in amazement, nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before.

"Who is it that has just spoken?" he asked. "Who dares to question the right of the excise?"

Marguerite, without removing from her place, answered quietly:

"It is I, Monsieur Poulet, Marguerite Chauvel, the daughter of Chauvel, deputy of the Third Estate to the grand bailiwick of Metz. You are doing a wrong, Monsieur Poulet, a very serious wrong, in arresting a man, a notable, without the express order of the provost."

With that she rose, and walked up to the collector and the two sergeants, who turned round, and looked askance at her from under their great cocked hats, but without releasing Cochart:

"You are ignorant of the king's ordinance, it seems," she said, "since you arrest a man, on an affair of the excise, after six o'clock in the evening, which it forbids, and force people to open their doors to you during the night. Have you remembered that any malefactors might come in the night and gain an entrance on pretence of being excise officers? They might pillage the villages at their ease, if the King's ordinance did not expressly forbid you to do what you are doing, and did not ordain that you should have the aid of two aldermen, and make your search in day-light."

She spoke distinctly, and without any embarrassment, like Chauvel himself, and Poulet seemed utterly confounded, his great hanging cheeks shook with anger. Every one regained courage at her words. A great noise began in the street while Marguerite was speaking, and as she concluded a lamentable and plaintive voice, that of Géneviéve Paquotte, exclaimed:

"Ah, the wretch! ah, the villain! He has come again, has he? He must have both the children and the fathers!"

The poor old woman shook her crutch over the hedge, and shrieked and sobbed together :

" It was you who took my boy, my François ; it was you who plunged me into poverty ! But the good God is waiting for you. He will have you in time ! All is not over, the wretches you have made wretched will confront you there !"

It made us shudder to listen to her, every face was pale, and Poulet stood listening, panic-stricken, to the noise in the street. Neither were the sergeants quite unmoved.

At that moment Maitre Jean rose, and said :

" Mr. Collector, I entreat you to listen to this unhappy creature ! It is a terrible thing to have such deeds on one's conscience."

Géneviéve made no more noise, but went slowly up the street, on her crutches, sobbing.

" Ah !" said Maitre Jean," this is frightful ! Reflect, Monsieur Poulet, on what you are doing, and that the present time is full of difficulty for us all, but principally for the

revenue officials. The cup is full, take care you do not make it overflow. This is the fifth time this year that you have come after nightfall to search for smuggled goods, and you did the same last year at Lutzelbourg. If the people grow weary of this, and end by resistance, what ought we, who are good citizens, to do? Ought we to support you against the King's ordinance, which you are violating? Ought we to support those who tread edicts and rules underfoot, or those who defend their rights? In heaven's name, reflect, Monsieur Poulet, that is all I say to you!"

He reseated himself. The noise in the street increased. A number of people pressed close to the hedge to see and hear. Cochart cried:

"I will not go! You shall kill me first. You are breaking the King's edict!"

Poulet, seeing that the two sergeants were hesitating, and looking around them without daring to act on his orders, turned furiously on Marguerite, and roared at her:

"This is your doing, Calvinist. All

would have been right, but for your cursed race!"

He strode towards her, his face and neck swollen with rage, like one of those angry turkey-cocks which run after children. He was just going to push her, when he caught sight of me behind her in the shade, standing upright, in my shirt sleeves. I just looked at him, and laughed to myself, thinking:

"You wretch! If you dare to touch her, I pity you!"

I already felt his thick neck between my hands, caught in a vice. He turned very pale.

"Very well," he said, "all right. We will come again to-morrow."

The two sergeants, seeing the crowd pressing against the hedge, and taking note of their angry shining eyes, were well content to get away. They let Cochart go, and he stood up, his forehead covered with sweat, and his clothes torn to pieces.

I did not stir from my place, and Marguerite, turning slightly, saw me for the first

time. The others were all looking at me, and I felt angry that the collector and the sergeants should get off scot free. That evening, at least, I should have dearly liked a fight. What strange creatures men are, and how their ideas change with years! But one has not always the arms and shoulders of eighteen, and the hands of a blacksmith, and when these are gone, one has no longer any desire to show off one's strength and courage before the woman one loves. Well, they went off, and Marguerite said to me, laughing:

"They are going, Michel."

"The very best thing they can do," I answered.

Hardly had they got outside when a storm of derisive shouts and whistling arose from one end of the village to the other. Cochart, who looked quite exhausted, drank off his wine at a draught, and Marguerite said to him:

"Go and hide your smuggled goods in the wood, and make haste about it."

She looked so happy, and poor Cochart was

so much relieved. I am sure he would have wished to thank her, but he was still too much frightened; and he went away up the street, without a word. Everybody was shouting, and crying out, "victory! victory!" Poulet and the sergeants, who were then crossing the fields must have heard us, and no doubt they were exasperated at their defeat.

Maitre Jean treated us all to cider, and we gathered round the table and talked for a long time of what had just occurred. Every one praised Marguerite's courage and good sense.

Maitre Jean said:

"She has the old man's spirit in her. How he will laugh when he hears how she spoke up to the sergeant, and laid down the law, and how she made them let Cochart go! How delighted he will be!"

As for me, I listened and said nothing, but I was by Marguerite's side, and I was the happiest man in all the country-side that night. Very late, when they were all going away,

and Maitre Jean was shutting the great gate and wishing everybody "Good-night," Marguerite and I went quietly out by the little door in the hedge, and walked slowly up the village street together.

We were very thoughtful as we looked at the beautiful starlit sky, and the trees which stretched their branches across the road. A deep silence prevailed, not a leaf stirred in the air. In the distance we heard people closing their doors and their shutters. We passed a few old women exchanging their last words for the night, but all nature was quite still. How distinctly I can see Chauvel's house now, and hear the water trickling from the spring in front of it, and forming a little pond on which the moon was shining. I can see the dark shadow thrown by the apple-tree at the corner of the house, and the moss-grown wall. Marguerite looks at it all for an instant, and then she says:

"How silent everything is, Michel!"

She stoops, and lays her little hand upon the spout and places her rosy mouth under it,

and thus, with her black hair falling back on her pretty brown neck, she drinks the sparkling cool water. I look at her in silent delight. Then she raises herself, dries her lips with her apron, and says:

"Michel, you are the bravest of all the village boys. I saw you behind me, and your face was not pleasant. So Poulet seemed to think—he made haste to go away, after he looked at you."

She began to laugh, and as I was listening to her with pleasure, in the quiet street, she asked me:

"What were you thinking about, Michel, when your face looked so terrible?"

"I was thinking, Marguerite, that if he had dared to touch you, or to say one ill word to you, he was a lost man."

She looked at me, and her cheeks turned bright red.

"But you would have been sent to the galleys."

"Well, and what of that? I should have killed him first."

How it all comes back to me, after all these years! I hear Marguerite's voice, and every word she uttered is in my ears. I hear the murmuring of the spring—all lives over again. Oh, what a good thing love is! Marguerite was sixteen years old then, and she has never grown older for me.

We remained a few minutes side by side, thinking, and then Marguerite moved towards the house door without speaking. But after she had opened the door, and her foot was on the threshold, she turned to me, and stretched out her little hand, and said to me, with sparkling eyes:

"Good-night, Michel, and thank you."

I felt that her hand lightly pressed mine, and I was troubled and happy.

After Marguerite had shut the door, I waited for a few minutes, listening to her step inside the house. Presently I heard her going up the stairs, and saw her lamp shining through the chinks in the shutters.

"She is going to rest now," said I to myself, and went away home, thinking, "now she

knows that I love her!" Never since in all my life, have I felt such trouble, and such enthusiasm.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD made up my mind that Marguerite should be my wife; everything was arranged in my head, and I said to myself—"She is too young at present, but in fifteen months she will be eighteen years old, and then she will understand that it is for her happiness to be married, like all the other girls; and when I tell her that I love her, we shall come to an understanding, and be prepared to fight our battle. We shall have a hard time of it with my mother; she will not hear of a Calvinist coming into the family, and the curé and all the neighbours will be on her side, but my father will always be on mine, because I shall show him that the happiness of my whole life is at stake, and that I cannot exist without Marguerite.

Then he will take courage, and in spite of everything the matter will be settled. After that we will have a little forge, on the road to Quatre Vents, or Mittelbronn, and we will work on our own account. Carriers and carters will not be scarce. We might even keep a little tavern, as Maitre Jean does. We shall be the happiest people in the world, and if we should be so fortunate as to have a child, I will take him in my arms when he is a fortnight old, and I will go quietly to our old home, and say to my mother,—'Here he is! look at him! and now, curse him.' And she will scold, and cry, and be appeased, and finally she will come to our forge, and all will be made up."

As I drew this picture in my mind, my eyes were full of tears, and I thought that Chauvel would be well pleased to have me for his son-in-law. What could he look for better than a good, industrious, frugal workman; a man as simple and as natural as I, and able to save money as well as to make it by his labour? I felt sure he would con-

sent; nothing disturbed me; it appeared to me that all my conclusions were reasonable, and I was quite affected by my own good sense.

Unfortunately, things which are not at all expected, have a trick of happening in this world.

One morning, five or six days after the affair of the collector and the sergeants, we were shoeing a bay mare belonging to old Schmoûle, in front of the forge, when a woman, the wife of our Stephen, of Baraques, came along the road, on her return from selling eggs and vegetables at the market in the town, and accosted Maitre Jean thus:

"Here is something for you!"

It was a letter from Metz, and Maitre Jean cried out joyously:

"I'll bet it is from Chauvel. Read it for us, Michel, I cannot wait to get my spectacles."

I opened the letter, but I had hardly read the first lines, when my knees knocked together, and I turned cold all over, for Chau-

vel announced to Maitre Jean that he had just been nominated deputy of the Third Estate to the States General, and begged him to send Marguerite to the tavern of the *Pot d'Etain*, at Metz, without any delay, so that they might start together for Versailles.

This is all that I remember about the letter, and yet it was a very long one. I read all the rest without understanding it, and sat down on the anvil, quite overpowered. Maitre Jean ran across the street, calling to his wife:

"Catherine! Chauvel is nominated Deputy of the Third Estate to the States General!"

Valentine clasped his hands, and stammered out:

"Chauvel at the Court! Chauvel among the nobles, and the bishops! Good Lord!"

The old Jew, Schmoûle, answered him.

"Why not? He is a very sensible man, and thoroughly understands commerce; he

deserves such a place quite as much as any one else."

All this time I was thinking:

"Now all is over, all is lost! Marguerite is going away, and I am to stay here, alone."

Nothing but shame kept me from sobbing aloud. I thought:—

"Every one will laugh at me if they find out that I love her. What is a blacksmith's apprentice compared to the daughter of a Deputy of the Third Estate? Just nothing at all! Marguerite is high up in the sky, and I am low down on the ground."

How my heart ached.

The street was already full of people, and Dame Catherine, Nicole, Maitre Jean, and all the neighbours were telling each other:—"Chauvel is deputed to the States General!"

Maitre Jean came hurrying back to the forge.

"Have we all lost our wits, in thinking of the honour and glory of Baraques?" said he,

"that we have forgotten Marguerite? Michel, run and let her know at once."

I got up to obey him, but I was in terror at the mere idea of seeing Marguerite. I feared I should weep before her, that in spite of myself I should betray that I loved her, and should bring her to shame. I stopped in the lane to check the beating of my heart, and then I went in.

Marguerite was in their little sitting-room, mending some linen.

"What, you here, Michel?" said she, astonished at seeing me in my shirt-sleeves, for I had not even thought of putting on my jacket, and washing my hands.

"Yes," I said, "I am here, and I have come to bring you good news."

"What is it?"

"Your father is nominated Deputy of the Third Estate to the States General."

While I was speaking she turned very pale.

"Marguerite!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

But she could not answer; her joy, her

pride, kept her silent, until she suddenly burst into tears, and threw herself into my arms, crying:

"Oh! Michel! what an honour for my father!"

I held her close to me; her arms were round my neck; I felt her body shake with her sobs, her tears streamed along my cheeks. Ah, how I loved her! How I longed to keep her! I cried in my soul,—"Who shall take her from me?" And yet I knew that she must go; her father was the master!

Marguerite wept for a long time; then she left me and ran to dry her eyes with a towel. Presently she laughed and said:—

"How stupid I am, am I not, Michel? The idea of crying for such a thing as this!"

I could not speak; I was looking at her with inexpressible love, and she paid no attention to me.

"Come," she said, taking my arm, "we must go now."

We went out together; the public room of

the "Three Pigeons" was full of people, with whom it continued to swarm until nine o'clock in the evening. Men, women, and children, came and went, and the noise, the salutations, the compliments, never ceased. Above the tumult Maitre Jean's voice was constantly heard. Never was there such a festival day at the "Three Pigeons."

Looking on at it all, I could not but say to myself:

"You are a bad fellow, Michel. Every one in the village is rejoicing in the happiness of Marguerite and Chauvel; every one is delighted, and you so glum and miserable. It is abominable!"

When Valentine was alone with me, he said—

"This is the overthrow of everything; the scum are going to court, the nobles will be mixed up with the beggars, nothing will be respected any more. Instead of Christians, Calvinists are nominated. The end of the world is coming."

I was so sad, that I almost agreed with him. My courage failed me. I could not

remain there, in all that crowd. Marguerite herself was obliged to take refuge in the kitchen, whither the notables came to offer their congratulations. I took my cap, and went out. I wandered, God knows where, across the fields. The weather had been beautiful for a fortnight, the crops were all springing up. Birds were singing in the hedges, and the air was full of the lark's joyous music. The sun and moon did not interrupt their course for me. My grief was terrible.

At last, at night, without knowing whither I went, I found myself at the back of our house. I could still hear the shouts and the songs going on at the other end of the street. I listened, saying to myself:

"Shout and sing! you are right! Life is nothing but misery!"

And I went in. My father and mother were sitting on their benches, spinning and plaiting. I said "Good evening" to them. My father looked at me, and said:

"How pale you are, Michel. Are you ill, my boy?"

I did not know how to answer him, but my mother said, smiling:

"Don't you see that he has been dissipating with the others? He has taken his share, in honour of Chauvel."

I answered, in the bitterness of my heart:

"Yes, you are right, mother, I am ill. I have drunk too much. One must take advantage of one's opportunities, you know."

Then my father said gently:

"Go to bed, Michel, and you will be all right in the morning."

I took the little tin lamp, and went up the staircase, feeling hardly able to make the effort. Then I set the lamp down on the floor, and looked at my little brother Stephen, who was sleeping soundly, his fair head laid back upon the coarse linen pillow, his little mouth open, and his thick hair hanging round his neck. I thought:

"How like my father he is—my God, how like him!"

I kissed him, crying violently, and saying to myself:

"Now, henceforth, it is for you I will

work. Since all is failing me, since nothing remains to me, I will labour for you, and perhaps you will have better fortune; perhaps you may love a woman who will not go away and leave you, and we shall live together."

Then I undressed and lay down beside him, and all night I thought of the misfortune which had befallen me, and kept saying to myself that I must take courage, that no one must know of my love for Marguerite; that it would be a disgrace to me to be found out, that a man ought to be a man, and so on, and so on. In the morning I returned early and quietly to the forge, resolved to be of good courage, and in the resolution itself I found strength.

All that day, too, the complimentary visits went on. Not only did the Baraquins visit Marguerite, but all the notables of the town, the aldermen, the assessors, and the syndics, the secretaries, the notaries, the treasurers, the collectors, and the comptrollers. All these, and many others whom I knew neither by name nor by sight came, with their three-

cornered hats, ivory-headed canes, their fine coats, their silk stockings, and lace cravats. They flocked like swallows round a church tower in autumn, to congratulate Mademoiselle Marguerite Chauvel, the daughter of the deputy to the States General. They pretended to be overjoyed, just as if our elections were any business of theirs. The tavern was redolent of their musk and vanilla. They reminded me of a lot of cuckoos which deposit themselves in the nests of other birds when they are made, but do not help the building of them by so much as a straw. Their great object was to profit by everything without any trouble, and to gain good places by bowing and grimacing. Before the elections they would not say good morning or good night to us, but now they all came to offer us their services, calculating that Chauvel at Versailles could repay them with interest. At the mere sight of the rascals I felt disgusted.

Valentine and I were watching the posturing and grimacing of these people through the open windows, while Maitre Jean, Dame

Catherine, and Marguerite, were receiving their fine company. Valentine was positively yellow with indignation.

"Just look," said he, "there they are, bowing in the grand manner! There is Syndic So-and-so; look at that fine salute, and how daintily he takes his pinch of snuff, and flicks the dust off his cravat with the ends of his finger nails. He learnt that, too, at my lord the Cardinal's, but it does quite as well in a village tavern, and is very flattering to the daughter of Monsieur Chauvel, the deputy. And now he is turning on his heel and saluting the general company."

Valentine laughed, but I could neither look nor laugh; I was choking with anger. All this made me really understand the distance between Marguerite and me. The Baraquins might easily have misconceived the importance of a deputy of the Third Estate to the States General; but these people understood it rightly enough; they had not come to make their bows and pay their compliments for nothing. Marguerite would only have to choose! When I thought of it all, I felt

that Marguerite would do wrong to take a blacksmith's apprentice instead of the son of a counsellor or a syndic; this seemed quite natural to me, and added to my grief.

I had to endure this spectacle until five o'clock in the evening.

Marguerite was to go by the Paris mail that night. Maitre Jean lent her his trunk; it was a large one covered with cow-skin, and had descended to him from his father-in-law, Didier Ramel. It had been lying about in the garret for thirty years, and Maitre Jean directed me to repair the iron clamps and the lock. Several times while I was doing so I was tempted to knock it to pieces with my hammer; but when I remembered that I was working for Marguerite, and that this might be the last service I should ever have it in my power to render her, the tears came into my eyes, and I worked away with such love as one can only feel at twenty. At five o'clock the job was complete, and the trunk looked remarkably well.

Marguerite had just returned home. I told Valentine I was tired, and asked him

to carry the trunk to Chauvel's for me. He took it on his shoulder carelessly, and set off. I was weary and sick at heart, and I had not the courage to take it myself. I felt that if I were alone with Marguerite I must betray myself; so I put on my jacket and went back into the tavern. Thank heaven the others were all gone. Maitre Jean, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, was exulting over the honour which had been done to the "Three Pigeons," and saying that the like had never been conferred on any tavern before. Dame Catherine was of his opinion. Nicole was preparing the table for supper.

Maitre Jean told me that Marguerite had eaten her supper and was gone home to get her clothes packed up, and to select such books as she should take to her father. He asked me about the trunk, and I told him I had finished it, and Valentine had carried it to Chauvel's house. At that moment Valentine returned and went down to supper. My plan was to go quietly away at eight o'clock without saying anything to any one. What

was the good of staying there? It was all over, I thought.

"When she is gone, Maitre Jean will write to Chauvel and tell him I was ill, if he makes any inquiries, and if he makes none, so much the better."

As soon as supper was over, I got up quietly and went out.

It was night, a lamp was burning in the upper room of Chauvel's house. I stopped to look at it, but seeing Marguerite approaching the window, I ran away, and had just reached the corner of their little orchard when I heard her call me.

"Michel! Michel!"

And I stopped, as if the chimney had fallen on me.

"What do you want with me, Marguerite?" I asked her, while my heart beat till it nearly suffocated me.

"Come up," she said, "I was going to look for you. I must speak to you before I go."

Then I went up the stairs, and found her in the upper room, standing before an empty

cupboard. The trunk was full, and she said to me, with a smile:

"You see I have made haste, Michel—the books are at the bottom, the linen comes next, and my two gowns are on the top of all. There is nothing more to put in. I was looking—"

I was too much troubled to answer her—she went on:

"Listen to me, for I must show you the house, for it is you who will have to take care of it."

She took me by the hand, and we went into the little room behind the kitchen, which was to be their fruit-room. There was no fruit in it now, only shelves to put it on.

"Look," she said, "here you will store up the pears and apples from the orchard. We haven't many, so there is all the more reason for taking care of them. Are you listening?"

"Yes, Marguerite."

Then we went downstairs. She showed me her father's bedroom, their little cellar,

and the kitchen, which opened upon the orchard, and then she recommended her rose-trees to me, saying they were the chief things to be attended to, and she would be very angry with me if I did not take good care of them.

I thought, "They shall be well tended, but what is the use since you are going away?" And yet I felt in my heart that hope was coming back to me; my eyes were dim, and finding myself there alone with her, I thought—

"My God! can it be that all is really over?"

When we went back into the lower room, Marguerite showed me her father's books, all ranged in good order on their shelves, between the two little windows, and said:

"While we are away, Michel, you must often come here for books, and educate yourself, for without instruction one is nothing."

She spoke, but I did not answer, though I was touched by seeing that she cared for my

education, which I also regarded as most important. I said to myself:

"She loves me. Yes, she loves me! Oh, how happy we should have been!"

After she had set down the lamp on the table, she gave me the key of the house, and told me to open it from time to time to prevent its getting damp.

Just as we were going out, she said, "I hope I shall find everything in good order when we come back, Michel."

"Then you will come back, Marguerite?" I cried. "You are not going away for ever?"

"Come back!" she repeated in astonishment. "Of course we shall come back, you silly boy; what do you think we are going to do? Do you imagine we shall make our fortunes in Paris?"

She laughed heartily.

"Of course we shall come back, and poorer than we are going, for that matter. We shall come back and take to our business again, when the Rights of the People shall have been voted. We shall come back, perhaps

this year, but certainly next year at the latest."

"Ah," said I, "I thought you were never coming back any more," and then I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. I sat down on the trunk, covered my face with my hands, and thanked God, but yet I was ashamed of having spoken. Marguerite did not utter a word. This lasted several minutes, for I could not check my tears. At last, Marguerite laid her hand on my shoulder, and I, looking up, saw her face pale, and her beautiful black eyes sparkling.

"Work hard, Michel," said she, in a low voice, and pointing to the little bookshelves, "and my father will love you."

She took up the lamp, and went out. I lifted the trunk as if it had been a feather, hoisted it on my shoulder, and followed her. I wished to speak, but I did not know what to say.

I shut the door, and put the key in my pocket. The moon was shining amid the stars.

"What a beautiful night it is, Marguerite," I exclaimed. "I thank God that he has given you such a night for your journey."

I was happy again, but she was more grave than before; and as we entered the tavern, she said:

"Do not forget anything you have promised me."

The mail passed at ten, and there was only just time to get to the place from whence it was to start. Everyone kissed Marguerite, except Maitre Jean and me. He was to take her to the town, and we set forward in the moonlight; Dame Catherine and Nicole pouring out more and more farewells from the doorstep.

I had taken up the trunk again, and we were on the wide road, bordered with poplars, which leads to the glacis. Marguerite walked near me, and said once or twice:

"The trunk is heavy, Michel, is it not?"

And I answered, "No, Marguerite, not at all."

We had no time to spare, we had to walk

quickly. At the foot of the glacis Maitre Jean said:

"We shall soon be there."

A few minutes after ten we passed through the French gate. We almost ran, for we heard the wheels of the mail-carriage rolling over the pavement of the Place d'Armes.

"We are just in time," said Maitre Jean.

In a few minutes we reached the yard where the mail-carriage halted, and there we found Schmoûle, the Jew, who was going to Metz. Almost immediately the carriage came up; several places were vacant.

Maitre Jean kissed Marguerite, but I only put her trunk in its place and did not dare to draw near.

"Come here, Michel," she said, and turned her brown cheek to my lips. As they touched her, she whispered in my ear—

"Study, Michel, and work."

Schmoule had already taken his place in a corner, and Maitre Jean lifted Marguerite into the carriage, saying, "Take care of her, Schmoule, I beg of you."

"Make your mind easy," answered the old Jew, "the daughter of our deputy shall be attended to. You may rely on me."

I was glad to know that Marguerite would have an old acquaintance with her.

She leaned on the door and gave me her hand while the driver went into the office to ascertain that the fares had been paid. Presently he came out and climbed into his seat, and the coach started, amidst our cries of, "Adieu, Marguerite! Adieu, Maitre Jean! Adieu, Michel!"

The coach went on before us, through the French gate, and we followed, thoughtfully. After it had passed the gate, we soon lost sight of it, but still we heard for some time the clatter of the horses' hoofs as they galloped along the road to Sarrebourg.

Maitre Jean said:

"At eight o'clock to-morrow they will reach Metz. Chauvel will be there to receive Marguerite, and in five or six days they will be at Versailles."

I said nothing.

We walked on to the village, and I turned in at once to our house, where every one was asleep. I climbed softly up the ladder, and that night I dreamed no bad dreams.

CHAPTER III

FOR some days after Marguerite's departure everything was quiet. The weather was very wet, and we were very busy. In the evenings I profited by my leisure hours to study in Chauvel's little library. It was full of good books. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Buffon, Jean Jacques Rousseau, all the great writers whom I had heard of for ten years past had their places there. How I opened my eyes when I came upon a page in which I found my own ideas nobly expressed, and how happy I was when I discovered, in one of the large volumes on the lower shelves, the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique* of MM. Diderot and d'Alembert, and came to understand that beautiful alphabetical arrangement which enables one to find exactly what one

requires, without trouble, or waste of time. It appeared to me wonderful and admirable, and I instantly looked for "the forge," and found, under that heading, the whole history of smith's work, from the days of Tubalcain to our time; an account of iron mining, smelting, and working, in their most minute details. I was quite astonished; and when I told Maitre Jean a little about it the next day, he also was all surprise and admiration. He told me that young people nowadays had every facility for instruction, but in his time there were no such books, or they were too expensive, and from thenceforth Valentine himself appeared to hold me in increased consideration.

Early in May we received a letter from Chauvel, which announced their arrival at Versailles, and told us they were lodging at a master bootmaker's, Rue Saint François, at a rent of fifteen livres a month. The States General had just been opened, but he had not time to write us full particulars on that occasion. There was a postscript to his letter: "I hope Michel will not hesitate to

take any of my books he pleases home with him. Let him use them and take care of them, for we ought always to respect our friends, of which books are the best." I wish I could find that letter, it was the first of so many; but God knows what has become of it. Maitre Jean had a bad habit of showing his letters, and lending them to everybody, so that two-thirds of them were lost.

I learned from what Chauvel said that Marguerite had spoken to her father about our interview, and that he approved. I was filled with tender joy and courage by this knowledge, and from that day forward I took home every evening a volume of the *Dictionnaire,* which I read, article by article, until one or two o'clock in the morning. My mother reproached me bitterly for such an expenditure of oil, but I let her scold, and my father said to me, when we were alone:

"Go on learning, my boy; try to become a man. He who knows nothing is too wretched in this world; he is always working for

others. You are doing right; do not mind your mother."

So I did not mind her, for I knew she would be the first to profit by any benefit which I might derive from what I should learn.

At this time, the curé Christophe and a number of the Lutzelbourg people were ill. The draining of the marshes of Steinbach had spread fever throughout all the valley; everywhere one saw poor creatures with shaking limbs and chattering teeth.

Maitre Jean and I went every Sunday to see the curé. He who had been such a strong man was now only skin and bone, and we did not think he could ever recover. Happily, they had sent for old Freydinger, of Diemeringen, who knew the true remedy against marsh fever—parsley seed boiled in water—and by employing it he saved the lives of half the village, and M. Christophe began to recover slowly.

During the month of May we were perpetually hearing about the brigands who were ravaging Paris. We heard that they

were coming into the provinces, to burn our crops, and the Baraquins and mountain people were all for going out to meet them with their scythes and pitchforks. But we speedily learned that the wretches had been massacred in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, at the house of one Reveillon, a paper manufacturer, and the general terror was appeased for a time. It revived again, afterwards, more strongly than ever, and every man endeavoured to provide himself with a gun and powder and ball, in order to defend himself in case they should make their appearance. Naturally, these reports made me very uneasy, especially as for nearly two months we had no intelligence except that conveyed by the newspapers. At the end of that time, however, we received a second letter from Chauvel, and that I have preserved, for I took the precaution of copying it myself, because I knew I should not see the original again, after it had gone its rounds. A packet of old and new gazettes arrived with the letter.

That very day M. Christophe and his

brother, "big Materne," as he was called—the same who fought against the allies with Hullin, in 1814—came to see us. The curé had recovered from the fever, and stayed to dine with us. I read out the letter to them, and Dame Catherine, Nicole, and two or three notables who were also present, were much astonished that Chauvel, so well known for his prudence and good sense, should write so very plainly.

The following is his letter. Every one who reads it may learn what was going on in Paris at that time, and what we should have had to hope for had the nobles and the bishops continued to be our masters.

"*To Jean Leroux, Master Blacksmith, at Baraques, Bois-de-Chênes, near Phalsbourg.*

"July 1, 1789.

"You have doubtless received a letter from me, dated May 6, in which I informed you of our arrival at Versailles. I told you that we had found a suitable lodging, for fifteen livres

a month, at the house of Antoine Pichot, master bootmaker, Rue Saint François, in the old town. We are still living at the same place, and, if you have anything to say to us, you must take care to write the address distinctly.

"I should like to know what are the prospects for the harvest this year. Let Maitre Jean, or Michel, write to me on this subject. Here, we have stormy weather and very heavy rain, and only casual glimpses of sunshine. People fear it is to be a bad year; what do you say? Marguerite wishes to know about our little orchard, and especially how her flowers are getting on. Take special heed of this.

"We live in this town like foreigners. Two of my colleagues, the curé Jacques, of Maisoncelle, near Nemours, and Pierre Gérard, syndic of Vic, bailiwick of Toûl, are in the same house with us; they are below stairs, and we are above. Marguerite markets and cooks for us all. Everything goes on well. In the evening we meet in the

curé's room, and put our ideas in order. I smoke, and Gérard smokes, and we generally come to a very good understanding.

"So much for our affairs. I pass to those of the nation. It is my duty to keep you acquainted with all that takes place, but until now I could send you no coherent statement, for we have had so many misadventures and annoyances; the two first orders, and especially that of the nobles, have shown us so much ill will and bad faith that I could not see our way out of our embarassments. From day to day our minds changed; now we felt confidence, and anon despair. We needed a great deal of patience and calmness to force these people to be reasonable; three times they resisted us to the point of ruin, and it was only when they saw that we were resolved to do without them, and construct the constitution for ourselves, that they made up their minds to come and make part of the Assembly, and to deliberate with us.

"I could not, therefore, tell you anything for certain, but now the game is won, and

you shall hear every detail from the beginning.

"You will read this letter to the notables, because it is not for myself only I am here, it is for you all, and it is my duty to render an exact account of the progress of their business, to those who sent me. As I have taken full notes from day to day, I shall not forget anything.

"On arriving at Versailles, on the 30th April, with three other deputies, we went to the Hotel des Souverains, which was crowded with people. I will not tell you what we had to pay for a basin of soup or a cup of coffee, it would simply frighten you. All the people here, servants and hotel keepers, are lackeys from father to son; they live on the nobles, who live on the people, without troubling themselves about their sufferings. Anyone who attempted to remonstrate about the enormous charges would be treated as a beggar by the hotel keepers, and regarded with contempt by the company; it is the fashion to allow one's self to be plundered and cheated by people of this kind.

"You will readily understand that this did not suit me. When one has earned one's bread honestly and laboriously for thirty-five years, one learns the price of things, and it did not embarrass me in the least to send for the fat hotel keeper, in his fine black coat, and tell him what I thought of his bill. This was the first time he had received a statement of the kind, and the impudent fellow put on an air of supreme contempt for me. But I repaid his scorn with usury. If I had not been a deputy of the Third Estate they would have turned me out, but happily that is a quality which commands respect. My colleague Gerard informed me next morning that I had scandalised all the valetocracy of the hotel, at which I laughed heartily. The bows and grimaces of a lackey must not in future cost as much as the toil of an honest man.

"I tell you this in the first place that you may understand with what an evil race we have to deal.

"The day after our arrival, I succeeded in finding a lodging, and had our effects carried

thither. It was a fortunate hit. My two colleagues joined me, and we are very comfortable together. We are quite to ourselves, and we live as cheaply as possible.

"On the 3rd May the presentation to the King took place, and Versailles was a sight to see. Half the population of Paris swarmed in the streets, and the following day, at the Mass of the Holy Ghost, it was a still more extraordinary sight, the very house roofs were crowded. But, above all, I must tell you about the presentation.

"The king and the court live in the chateau of Versailles, situated on a kind of plain, like that of Mittelbronn, between the town and the gardens. In front of the chateau there is a large court, then two wings which enclose it on two sides, on the right and left are two large buildings inhabited by the ministers, and at the far end the palace. These can all be seen a league off from the Paris road, which is four or five times as wide as our high road, and bordered with fine trees. The court is closed by magnificent gates of immense height. Behind the chateau are the

vast gardens, full of fountains, statues, and all sorts of ornaments. How many thousands of men have sunk under their toil in our fields, and have starved to pay the taxes, in order that this palace might be built. And it must be acknowledged that the nobles and their lackeys have a pleasant life in it. There must be luxury, we are told, in order to encourage commerce, and that there may be luxury at Versailles, three-fourths of France have starved for a hundred years.

"We were informed of the approaching presentation by printed notices, and little books which are sold about here in great numbers, and forced upon one at every turn.

"Several of the deputies of the Third Estate were offended that we should be informed of the presentation by printed notices, while the other two Estates had received direct invitations. But I did not concern myself in the least about the matter, and set off with my colleagues at noon for the *Salle des Menus*. In this saloon the States General are to be held; it is built outside the chateau, in the

great avenue, and occupies the place of some workshops which formerly were attached to the stores of the *menus-plaisirs* of the king. What is meant by the greater and less pleasures of the king, I really cannot tell you, but the saloon is a very handsome one. Two others adjoin it, one of which is arranged for the deliberations of the clergy, and the other for those of the nobles.

"We set out, in procession, for the *Salle des Menus*, surrounded by the people who were shouting, 'Long live the Third Estate!' We could see that they understood that we were representing *them;* and that the masses of Parisians who had arrived on the previous day particularly appreciated that fact.

"The great gate in front of the palace was guarded by Swiss, who kept the crowd back, and allowed us to pass. We went across the court, and into the palace, and there up a wide carpeted staircase, under an archway covered with golden *fleur-de-lis*. All along the gilded railings stood superb lackeys, in embroidered and gold-laced liveries. There were ten on each side. When we had reached

the first floor, we entered a great saloon, much finer and more beautiful than I can describe; I took it for the Throne Room, but it was only the ante-chamber. At last, after we had waited a quarter of an hour, a door was opened, and then, Maître Jean, we were ushered into the presence chamber, magnificently arched and sculptured, and painted so that one can hardly believe there could be such paintings. Our members seemed quite lost in the vast expanse, and all around stood the royal guards, with drawn swords. Presently a voice cried out on the left:

"'The King! the King!'

"The voice came nearer, and presently the master of the ceremonies came in, and said:

"'Gentlemen, the King!'

"You will tell me, Maître Jean, that all this is mere comedy, and that is quite true, but you must acknowledge that it is very well calculated to exalt the pride of those

who are called 'great,' and to fill those whom they consider 'little' with respect.

"The grand master of ceremonies, the Marquis de Brezé, in his court costume, seemed quite a superior being beside us poor deputies of the Third Estate, in our coats and breeches of black cloth; and one could perceive by his air that so he considered himself.

"He approached our president, bowing, and at the same moment the King advanced, alone, across the saloon. An arm-chair had been placed in the centre for him, but he remained standing, his hat under his arm. The Marquis having made a sign to our president to approach, presented him to the King, and then the next deputy was presented, and so, according to the bailiwicks. The name of each bailiwick was announced to the Marquis, who repeated it, but the King said nothing.

"When we had all been presented, he said that he was very happy to see the deputies of the Third Estate. He speaks slowly and well. He is a very stout man, with a round

face, his nose, lips, and chin, are thick, and his forehead slopes backwards. Then we went out, and were dismissed by another door. This is what is called a presentation.

"When I got home, I took off my black coat and breeches, and my buckled shoes. Gerard came soon, and then the curé. We had lost our day, but Marguerite had been busy, and had cooked a leg of mutton with garlic for us, and we ate quite half of it with a very good appetite; and emptied a flagon of cider, while we discussed our affairs. Gerard and many others were dissatisfied about the presentation, and contended that the three orders ought to have been united on the occasion. They thought that we might judge beforehand, by this instance, that the court wished to divide the Three Estates. Some threw the blame on the Master of Ceremonies. I thought, we shall see. If the court is against the separate vote, we shall be on our guard, we are fore-warned.

"Early in the morning, on the following day, all the bells rang loudly, and there was

a great noise in the streets. It was the day on which the Mass of the Holy Ghost was to be said, in order to invoke the blessing of the Lord upon the States General.

"The three orders repaired to the church of Notre Dame, where the *Veni Creator* was sung. After this ceremony, which was very pleasant because of the fine voices and the good music, we went in procession to the church of Saint Louis. We were in front, then came the nobles, and lastly the clergy, preceding the blessed Sacrament. The streets were hung with the tapestries belonging to the Crown, and the people shouted:

"'Long live the Third Estate!'

"This was the first time the people had not declared themselves on the side of fine dress, for we were like crows beside all these gaudy peacocks, with their plumed hats, their coats with gold on all the seams, and their jewelled sword-hilts. The king, the queen, and the great officers of the court, closed the procession. A few shouts of 'Long live the King! Long live the Duke of Orleans!' were heard, and the bells rang joyously.

"The people have good sense. There was not a single fool in all the crowd who cried: 'Long live the Queen, and the Count d'Artois and the Bishops!' and nevertheless they are very fine-looking personages.

"At the church of Saint Louis mass was said, and then the Bishop of Nancy, M. de la Fare, preached a long sermon, in which he inveighed against the luxury of the Court, as all the bishops have been doing for centuries past, without, however, taking a thread of gold lace off their mitres, their chasubles, or their daïs.

"All this lasted until four o'clock, and then we had had enough of it, as you may suppose, and thought we might have had the satisfaction of talking about our business, but we had not got so far as that yet, for the opening of the States General on the morrow was to be another ceremony. These people live only for ceremonies, or, to speak more correctly, for comedies.

"The next day accordingly, the States General assembled in our hall, which is called the Hall of the Three Orders. It is lighted

from above, through an opening hung with white satin, and there are pillars on two sides of it. At the end was a throne, standing on a magnificent daïs, ornamented with golden *fleur-de-lis*.

"The Marquis de Brézé and his assistants ushered the deputies to their places. This business commenced at nine o'clock, and was not over till half-past twelve. While it was going on, the councillors of State, the governors, and lieutenants general of the provinces, were also taking their places. A long table covered with green cloth, below the daïs, was allotted to the secretaries of state. At one end M. Neckar took his seat, at the other was M. Saint Priest. If I were to enter into all the particulars, my letter would never be finished.

"The clergy were seated on the right of the throne, the nobles on the left, and we in front. The representatives of the clergy were 291 in number, those of the nobility 270, and we 578. Some of our number were wanting, because the Paris elections were not over until the 19th.

"At one o'clock the King and Queen were informed that all was ready, and they made their appearance almost immediately, preceded and followed by the princesses of the royal family, and the officers of the Court. The King took his seat on the throne, the Queen occupied an arm-chair beside him, but not on the same level; the royal family stood around the throne, the ministers, princes, and peers of the kingdom, stood a little lower down, and the remainder of the escort occupied the steps of the platform. The ladies of the Court, in full dress, filled the galleries on either side of the hall, while the mere spectators were crowded into temporary galleries between the pillars.

"The King wore a round hat, the band embroidered with pearls, and the brim adorned with a large stone, which they call the Pitt diamond.

"Each person had an arm-chair, a chair, a bench, or a stool, according to his or her rank or dignity, for, you must know, these are things of the highest importance, and on them depends the greatness of a nation! I

never could have believed, if I had not seen it. Would to God that our affairs were in half so good order. But questions of etiquette take precedence of all others, and it is only after a lapse of ages that there is leisure to enquire into the sufferings of the people.

"I wish Valentine had been in my place for three or four hours, he could have told you all about the dresses. What interested me most was the sign made by the Master of the Ceremonies, that we were to be attentive, for that the King was about to read his speech.

"He did read it, and all I remember about it is, that he was much pleased to see us there, that he trusted we should speedily come to a perfect understanding, in order to prevent innovations, and pay off the deficit; that in this confidence he had assembled us, that a statement of the debt was about to be submitted to us, that he had no doubt we should hit upon an effectual method for its discharge, and thus re-establish the credit of his kingdom, according to his most ardent

desire, and that he loved his people sincerely.

"Then he re-seated himself, amid cries of 'Long live the King,' having added that his keeper of the seals would explain his intentions to us more fully.

"The keeper of the seals, M. de Barentin, rose, and said that the first necessity of his Majesty's existence was doing good to his subjects; that the virtues of their sovereigns are the just resource of nations in troublous times; that our sovereign had resolved to complete the public felicity, and had convoked us to assist him, and that the third race of our kings had, above all the others, a right to the gratitude of all good Frenchmen, because it had confirmed the succession to the crown, and abolished every humiliating distinction between *the proud successors of the conquerors and the humble posterity of the conquered.* But, that, nevertheless, this third race set store by the nobility, because the love of order has placed distinctions between classes, which must be maintained in a monarchy; and finally, that it was the King's

command that we should reassemble on the following day, and proceed to the verification of our powers, previous to occupying ourselves with the important objects which he had indicated, namely, the money question.

"Then the keeper of the seals sat down, and M. Neckar rose. He read to us a long statement concerning the debt, which amounts to 1,600,000,000, and produces an annual deficit of 56,150,000 livres. He requested us to pay this deficit, but he did not say one word about the Constitution, which our electors had sent us there to establish.

"That same evening, when we had gone away, very much perplexed, we learned that two new regiments, Royal-Cravate and Bourgogne-Cavalerie, with a Swiss battalion, had just arrived from Paris, and that several other regiments were marching on Versailles. This was very serious news for us, especially as the Queen, the Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, the Prince de Conti, and the Dukes de Polignac and d'Enghien, had not approved of the convocation of the States General; and that they had their doubts as to whether

we would pay the debts without any assistance from them. If they had not been princes this might have been called a trap! But the names of actions change according to the dignity of those who commit them, and so this was simply a *coup d'état* which they were preparing. Happily I had already seen something of the Parisians, and I did not believe these brave men would leave us undefended.

"That evening, in our council of three, my colleagues and I came to the conclusion that we must depend on ourselves rather than on the other orders, and that the arrival of all these regiments boded no good to the Third Estate.

"It was on the sixth of May that our affairs began to take shape; up to that time all the ceremonies and speeches I have told you about led to nothing, but after that date I have some real news for you.

"On the following day, at nine o'clock, Gérard, the curé, Jacques, and I arrived at the hall of the States General. The throne, the daïs, and all the hangings had been taken

away, the hall was almost empty, but the deputies were beginning to drop in. They came in twos and threes, the benches filled, and we talked together, right and left, making acquaintance with each other, as men do who are assembled for the discussion of serious affairs. In about twenty minutes almost all the deputies of the Third Estate had come in. We were waiting for the deputies of the other two Orders, but not one showed himself.

"While we waited one of our number came in and said the nobles and the clergy had assembled each in a separate hall, and were then in full debate. This news produced as much indignation as surprise among us. We decided at once on nominating the oldest man of our number as our president. He is a bald old man, and his name is Leroux, like yours, Maitre Jean. He accepted the office, and chose six other members of the assembly to assist him.

"It took some time to restore silence, for every one wanted to say what he thought, foresaw, and feared, and to discuss the mode

of action which he would advocate in so serious a case. At length calm was established, and M. Malouet, who had been, as I told you, formerly employed in the naval administration, proposed to send a deputation to the privileged Orders to invite them to join us in the place of general assembly. To this proposal a young deputy, M. Mounier, replied that such a proceeding would compromise the dignity of the communes, that there was no hurry, that we should soon learn what the privileged Orders had decided upon, and could then take our measures in consequence. I thought with him. M. Leroux added, that we were not as yet entitled to regard ourselves as members of the States General, because the States had not been formed, nor our powers verified, and for this reason he refused to open the letters addressed to the assembly. I think he showed good sense in this. A great deal more was said, but it was all to the same effect.

"At half-past two a deputy from Dauphiné came and told us that the two other Orders had decided that they would verify their

powers separately. Then the sitting was adjourned until the following day, amid great tumult.

"Everything was clear enough now. We saw that the king, the queen, the nobles, and the bishops, considered us quite fit to pay their debts, but that they had no notion of constructing the Constitution, in which the people should have a voice. They preferred incurring debts by themselves, without opposition and without control, and then assembling us once in two hundred years or so, to make us accept them in the name of the people, and consent to be taxed in perpetuity.

"I leave you to imagine our reflections upon this discovery, and our anger.

"We remained together until midnight, explaining and protesting against the egotism and the abominable injustice of the Court. But after that I said to my colleagues that we had better be quiet in public, and by acting, by persuasion, if possible, keep the right on our side, and leave the people to draw their own conclusions. We came to a reso-

lution to do this, and on arriving at the hall on the following day, we soon perceived that the other deputies from the communes had decided on a similar line of action, for instead of a noisy and angry meeting, grave silence prevailed. Our president was in his place on the platform, writing and receiving letters. Copies of the discussions of the nobles and the clergy were brought to us, and I will add them here, just to show you what these people thought and intended. The clergy had decided upon a separate verification of their powers by a majority of 133 votes to 114, and the nobles by a majority of 188 to 47, notwithstanding the good sense and good feeling of some of their party; for instance, the Viscomte de Castellane, the Duc de Lancourt, the Marquis de Lafayette, and the deputies from Dauphiné and Aix, who protested against this injustice. They had already nominated twelve commissioners to verify their powers among themselves.

"On that day M. Malouet renewed his proposal that we should send a deputation to the privileged orders to induce them to join

the deputies from the communes, and thereupon the Comte de Mirabeau rose. I shall often have to speak of this man. Although a noble, he is a deputy of the Third Estate, because the nobles of his own county refused to admit him, on the pretext that he is not the proprietor of any fief. He went into trade, and Aix sent him to the States General. He is a Provençal, a large, loosely-built man, with a bony forehead, a yellow, ugly, and pock-marked face. He has a loud, harsh voice, and always begins by stammering, but once fairly off in his speech, all is clear. He makes one see what he sees, he makes one believe one has always thought what he thinks, and now and then he drops his harsh voice when he is going to say something grand and strong, and it growls first, and then breaks out like a clap of thunder. I cannot give you any idea of the changes in his face; everything coincides, his voice, his eyes, his gestures, his ideas. One forgets oneself in listening to him; it is as if he had got you in his grasp, and you could not escape. If you look round, you see every listening face pale.

As long as he is for us, everything will go well, but we must be on our guard. As for me, I don't trust him entirely. In the first place he is a noble; and then he is a man without money, with terrible appetites, and heavy debts. Only to look at his great hooked nose, his enormous jaw, and his big stomach, over which his cravat of magnificent but torn lace hangs, makes me think 'you would want all Lorraine and Alsace to eat up, and a slice of Franche Comté for dessert.' Nevertheless, I bless the nobility for having refused to inscribe him on its register, we have had great need of his assistance in these early days, as you will see further on.

"On the 7th May, Mirabeau did not say much, he only represented to us that in order to send a deputation we must be constituted in due form, which we were not as yet, and indeed we did not choose so to constitute ourselves apart from the others. It was better to wait.

"Mounier, the lawyer, then said that at least it was permissible to such of the deputies as might wish to undertake the task, to

go without any formal mission, and invite the nobles and bishops to unite with us, according to the king's desire.

"As this did not compromise anyone, it was agreed to. Twelve of the deputies went to make inquiries, and soon returned, informing us that in the Hall of the nobility they had found only the commissioners engaged in verifying the powers, and in the Hall of the clergy, the Order was assembled, but the president had only answered that our proposition should be considered.

"An hour later, the Bishops of Montpellier and Orange, with four other ecclesiastics, entered our Hall, and told us that their Order had decided on nominating commissioners who should unite with ours and those of the nobility, in order to examine whether the powers ought to be verified in common.

"This answer caused us to adjourn from the 7th to the 12th May, and I took advantage of the four days to go and see Paris, with Marguerite and my two colleagues. We had not had time to delay in Paris on our

way to Versailles, and had passed through two days before the pillage of Reveillon's house, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The disturbance was very great, domiciliary visits were made everywhere, and people talked of the arrival of a whole army of bandits. I was curious to learn what was going on, whether quiet had been restored, and what was thought of our first sittings. The Parisians, constantly coming and going, had given me some idea, but it is always better to see things for one's self.

"We set out early in the morning, and in three hours we were in the immense city of Paris, which no one can possibly imagine who has not seen it, not only on account of the height of the houses, the number of great and small streets which cross and recross each other, the squares, the markets, the lanes, the coffee-houses, the stores and shops of all kinds, which follow one another in long lines which seem to have no end, and the sign-boards swinging from every house-front and every floor up to the very roofs; but also because of the innumerable cries, the fried

potato sellers, the fruiterers, the old clothes men, and thousands of others who are incessantly passing along the streets dragging little carts laden with water, vegetables, and innumerable small wares. It is like being in a ménagerie, where all sorts of unknown birds are uttering their cries. And then, the ceaseless roll of vehicles of every description, the ill-smelling heaps of dirt, the wan and sickly look of the people, who all try to dress in the last fashion in second-hand rags, dancing, singing, laughing, full of kindness to strangers, full of good sense and gaiety in spite of their poverty, and who are quite satisfied provided they may walk about the town, declare their opinions upon things in general in the coffee-houses, and read the newspapers!

"All these things, Maître Jean, combine to make Paris unique in the world; it is not like anything in our part of the country; Nancy is a palace in comparison with Paris, but an empty and silent palace; here all is life and movement.

"The unfortunate Parisians are still suffering from the scarcity of last winter; a great

number of them are literally reduced to skin and bone, but nevertheless they laugh and jest; and farces are advertised all over the town.

"When I saw this, I was delighted; I found myself in my true country. Instead of carrying my pack from village to village for hours, I should find a purchaser at every step; and then, it is the country of true patriots. Those people, poor and wretched though they are, hold to their rights above all, the rest comes after.

"Our colleague, Jacques, has a sister who keeps a fruiterer's shop in the Rue du Bouloi, near the Palais Royal, whither we went on arriving. All along the way, from the moment we entered the faubourg, we heard the groups of people singing. They sung the same song, and sung it with all their hearts:

"'Long live the Third Estate;
It shall preponderate
Over prince and over priest.
Their day is done!
The people have more light
Than they who barred their right.
The great are now the least;
Our day is won.

"If they had known that we were of the Third Estate, I believe they would have carried us in triumph. It would be a cowardly thing indeed, to abandon such a people.

"If we had not taken a strong resolution beforehand, we should have taken heart at the sight of so much courage and gaiety, of all these virtues, in the utmost poverty, and sworn to fulfil our commission, and contend to the death for our rights. We have passed four days at the house of widow Lefranc.

"My colleague Jacques took Marguerite out with him, and she has seen all Paris, the Jardin des Plantes, Notre Dame, the Palais Royal, and even the theatres.

"I found my pleasure in walking about the streets, and along the banks of the Seine, where old books are sold, in lingering on the bridges, among the booths full of old clothes, and fried fish, talking to loiterers like myself, listening to a blind man singing, or looking at an open-air play.

"Learned dogs are not wanting, nor tooth drawers with fife and drum, but the plays on

the Pont Neuf are the best value of all. In them princes and nobles are always made ridiculous and contemptible, and every stupid thing is said by them. I have stood and looked on at these plays until I have fairly cried with laughter and satisfaction.

"I visited the commune of Paris, where the reports are still under discussion. This commune has taken a very wise measure; it has nominated a permanent commission to superintend the deputies, to advise and even admonish them in case of need.

"This is a capital idea, Maître Jean, which has unhappily not been adopted elsewhere. What is the good of a deputy who is not watched, who may sell his vote with impunity, and laugh at those who have sent him? Because he has become rich while the others remain poor, he is defended by the power which has bought him, and his constituents have neither support nor appeal. We ought to profit by the example of the commune of Paris, it is worthy of being drafted into an article of the constitution, it is absolutely necessary that the electors

should have the power to dismiss, prosecute, and have punished any deputy who betrays his mission, just as a man is prosecuted and punished for abuse of power of attorney. Anything less than this is an insecure condition of affairs.

"In addition to my joy at this wise provision, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that the people here know exactly what they want, and what they are doing. I went one evening after supper to the Palais Royal, which the Duke of Orleans leaves open to the public. This duke is a debauchee, but he is not a hypocrite; he does not pass the night in drinking and worse, and go to Mass in the morning; he does not go to confession and get absolution that he may begin again the next day. They say he is the friend of Sieyés and Mirabeau, and they accuse him of having allured a number of beggars into Paris in order to pillage and sack the city, which I find it hard to believe, considering how natural it is that these beggars should come of their own accord, to seek for food after the

terrible winter. There is no occasion to coax locusts to fall upon the harvest.

"The Queen and the court detest this duke; a fact which has secured him many friends. His Palais Royal is always open, and in the interior there are long lines of trees, under which the people walk and talk. The gardens are surrounded by four rows of arcades, under which are the most beautiful shops and the most elegant eating-houses in Paris.

"This is the favourite place of meeting for the young men, and the journalists, who talk politics without any restraint. As to what they say, the quality is not always remarkable, the greater part of it goes into one ear, and out of the other, but there is always some good sense at the bottom of it, and many of them are really clever men.

"We drank a bottle of very dear, and very bad wine, sitting under the old trees. The rents are very high. The rent of the smallest of the shops is two or three thousand livres a year, so I leave you to imagine the price the

customers pay for the goods. The Palais Royal is really like a great fair, and at night when the lanterns are lighted, you could not imagine anything more beautiful.

"On the 11th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we left Paris, well satisfied with our sojourn, and assured that the majority of the Parisians are for the Third Estate, which is the chief thing.

"At noon, on the 12th, we were at our post, and then, as the commissioners had not been able to come to an understanding with the nobles and the clergy, we saw that they wanted to make us waste our time. So, during this sitting, it was resolved that we should at once take decisive steps. The president and his assistants were charged with preparing a list of the deputies, and it was decided that each week a commission, composed of one deputy from each of the provinces, should be named to maintain order in the conferences, to collect and count the votes, to ascertain the majority of opinions on each question, &c., &c.

"The next day we received a deputation

from the nobles, who signified to us that their order had been constituted; that they had nominated their president, their secretaries, opened their registers, and made several decrees, among others that of proceeding separately to the verification of their powers. They had plainly decided on doing without us. On the same day, the clergy informed us that they had nominated a commission to confer with those of the nobles and the Third Estate, on the verification of powers in common, and the union of the three orders.

"Thereupon, an animated discussion arose. Some of the deputies wished to nominate commissioners, but others declared that they could not acknowledge any legal representatives but such as should have had their powers examined in the general assembly, and that we should summon the deputies of the nobles and the clergy to meet us in the Hall of the States General, where we had waited for them for a week.

"As the discussion was very warm, and several of the deputies still desired to speak, the debate was continued on the following

day. Rabaud de Saint Etienne, a Protestant minister, Vignier, deputy from Toulouse, Barnave, from Dauphiné, Boissy d'Anglas from Languedoc, all men of great talent and admirable orators, especially Barnave, spoke, some maintaining that we ought to act at once, the others that we ought to wait, and give time to the nobility and the clergy to reflect, as if their reflections had not been made long ago. At length, Rabaud de Saint Etienne carried the day, and sixteen members were chosen to confer with the commissioners of the nobles and the bishops.

"In our sitting of the 23rd, it was proposed that a Committee of Report should be formed to draw up a statement of all that had passed since the assembling of the States General. But this proposition was rejected on the grounds that such a proceeding might augment the disturbance of the country, by exposing the intrigues of the nobles and the clergy in order to paralyse the action of the Third Estate.

"'On the 22nd and 23rd, a rumour was current that His Majesty was about to send us

a proposal for a loan. By means of this loan they could have done without us altogether, for the deficit would have been covered; but our children and descendants would have had to pay the interest in perpetuity. At the same time, masses of troops arrived, and were stationed around Paris and Versailles.

"On the 26th, the rules and orders for our Session were all completed, and our commission reported that they could not come to an understanding with those of the nobles and the clergy.

"On the 27th Mirabeau summed up all that had taken place. He said: 'The nobles refuse to unite themselves with us, in order that our powers should be verified in common, according to our wish. The clergy persevere in wishing to conciliate us. I propose that we appoint a very solemn and very numerous deputation to the clergy, to adjure them, in the name of the God of Peace, to range themselves on the side of reason, justice, and truth, and to unite with their fellow deputies in the common hall.'

"All this passed in public. The crowd sur-

rounded us, and unhesitatingly applauded every speaker who pleased them. On the 28th an order was made for the erection of a strong barrier, to separate the assembly from the public, and for a deputation to the clergy, in accordance with Mirabeau's proposal. On that day we received a letter from the King. 'His Majesty had been informed that difficulties relative to the verification of their powers still subsist between the three orders. His Majesty saw, with much regret, and even with uneasiness, that the Assembly, convoked in order that it might occupy itself with the regeneration of the kingdom, had given itself up to a fatal inaction. Under these circumstances, the King desired that the commissioners appointed by the three orders should resume their conferences, in the presence of the Keeper of the Seals, and of certain commissioners to be nominated by His Majesty, in order that he may be specially informed concerning such overtures of reconciliation as shall be made, and that he may contribute directly to harmony so much to be desired.'

"So then it appeared that we, the deputies of the Third Estate, were to blame for the inaction of the States General during three weeks. *We* wished to form a separate party, and *we* were defending old privileges, contrary to the rights of the nation.

"His Majesty took us for children.

"Several deputies, Camus among them, spoke against this letter. They said that fresh conferences were useless, that the nobles were determined not to listen to reason, that the communes ought not to endure the supervision of the Keeper of the Seals—who would naturally side with the nobles—that our commissioners before the King would be like pleaders in the presence of judges who had decided beforehand on condemning them. Finally, that the same result will follow, which ensued in 1589, at which period, the King having proposed to tranquillise the public mind, did so effectually by imprisoning the Council.

"Many of the deputies were of the opinion of the speakers, and regarded the King's letter as a snare.

"Notwithstanding this, on the following day, 'in order to exhaust every means of conciliation,' we sent an humble address to the King, thanking him for his goodness, and telling him that the commissioners of the Third Estate were ready to resume their sittings with those of the clergy and the nobles. But, on Monday, 1st June, Rabaud de Saint Etienne, one of our commissioners, came and told us that the minister, M. Neckar, had proposed to them to accept the separate verification of powers, and to refer all doubtful cases to the decision of the Council. Then we were forced to acknowledge that Camus was right. The King himself was against the verification of powers in common; he wished to have three distinct Chambers instead of one only; he held with the clergy and the nobility against the Third Estate. Henceforth, we had only ourselves to reckon on.

"All which I have told you hitherto, Maitre Jean, is exact, and that shows you that grand words, fine phrases, flowers of speech, as they are called, are useless. The

simplest Baraquin, if he has but common sense, can see these things clearly, and all the inventions of style are needless, and indeed hurtful. Everything may be quite simply explained: You desire this! I desire that! You are surrounding us with soldiers! The Parisians are on our side! You have powder, muskets, cannon, Swiss mercenaries, &c. We have nothing but our orders from our constituents! But we are tired of being driven, insulted, and robbed. You think you are the stronger! We shall see!

"This is the true story; all inventions and speeches, when truth, right, and justice are evident, do no good. We have been hoaxed! Let us get to the bottom of matters. We pay, and we want to know what becomes of our money. And, in the first place, we want to have to pay as little as possible. Our children are soldiers; we want to know who their commanders are, why they command them, and what we get by it. You have the orders of nobles and clergy. What do these distinctions mean? In what respect are the children of one order superior to the children of

another? Are they of a different species? Do they proceed from gods, and our children from beasts? There! That is what we want to have made clear!

CHAPTER IV.

AND now, let me continue.

"The nobles counted on the troops. They wanted to carry their point by force, and rejected our propositions. On the 10th June, after the report of our commissioners' conferences with those of the nobles had been read, Mirabeau said that the deputies from the communes could not wait any longer; that we had certain duties to fulfil, and it was time to begin; that a member of the deputation from Paris had a motion of the highest importance to propose, and that he invited the assembly to hear him.

"This member was the Abbé Sieyès, a southern man, about forty-five years old. He speaks badly, and has a weak voice, but his ideas are good. I have sold numbers of

his books, as you know, and they have done a great deal of good. He said:

"'Since the opening of the States General, the conduct of the deputies of the Third Estate has been calm, and candid. They have had all the consideration compatible with their character for the nobles and the clergy; consideration which the two orders have repaid with hypocrisy and subterfuges. The assembly cannot remain longer inactive, without betraying the interests of its constituents, and neglecting its duties. The powers must be verified. The nobility refuses! Is the refusal of one order to paralyse the action of the others? No! Then the assembly has only one course open to it; once more, for the last time, to invite the two privileged chambers to unite with it in the hall of the States General, to assist at, and submit themselves to the common verification of powers. And then, in the case of their refusal, *to go on.*'

"A second sitting took place on the same day, and the motion of the Abbé Sieyès was adopted. It was decided at the same time

that an address should be sent to the King, to explain to him the motives of this decision of the Third Estate.

"On Friday, 12th June, it became necessary to notify to the other two orders the decision at which we had arrived, and to prepare the address to the King.

"M. Malouet proposed that it should be written in a manly and vigorous style, but full of compliments.

"Volney, who has, they say, explored all Egypt and the Holy Land, replied to him: 'Let us mistrust,' he said, 'all those phases dictated by a base spirit of flattery, and engendered by interest. We are here, in the very home of corruption and intrigue; the atmosphere of the place pollutes pure hearts! There are representatives of the nation who, I fear, have already succumbed to the infection.'

"He said much more with the same tone, and Malouet offered no reply.

"Finally, after much hot discussion, it was decided that the address, drawn up by M. Barnave, and containing a statement of

all that had occurred since the opening of the States General, and the conclusions arrived at by the Third Estate, should be presented to the King by deputation.

"This was done, and a deputation had just returned and told us that they had not seen the King, who had gone out hunting, when another deputation sent by the nobles arrived, to inform us that the first order were then deliberating upon our propositions.

"M. Bailly, a Parisian deputy, then replied: 'Gentlemen, the communes have been long awaiting the nobles.'

"We did not allow our action to be retarded by this fresh ceremony, which, like all the preceding ones, had no other object than to delay us from day to day, and week to week. We commenced the roll-call of the bailiwicks, after having nominated M. Bailly our provisional president; and charged him with the selection of two members, to fill the office of secretaries, and write our reports of the operations of the Assembly.

"The calling over began at seven o'clock, and ended at ten. Then we were constituted,

not as the others wanted us to be, as a Third Estate, but as States General; the two privileged orders were only private assemblies, we were the assembly of the nation. We had lost five weeks through the ill-will of the nobles and the bishops, and you shall soon hear what they resorted to next, in order to hinder our proceedings.

"Mirabeau wished that we should call ourselves 'representatives of the French people;'—Mounier desired that our table should be 'legitimate assembly of the representatives of the majority of the nation, acting in the absence of the majority;'—Sieyès' proposed that we should be styled 'known and verified representatives of the French nation.' I would rather have quietly accepted the old name of 'States General.' The nobles and the bishops refused to appear; but that was their affair. We were none the less the States General of 1790; we represented none the less ninety-six hundredths of France. At last, on a fresh proposition of Sieyès', we adopted the title of the *National Assembly*.

"After our declaration of the 12th, every

day some good *curés* abandoned the assembly of the bishops, and came to verify their powers with us. On the 13th three came, who were from Poitou; on the 14th, six; on the 15th, two; on the 16th, six; and so on. Imagine our joy, our cries of enthusiasm, the heartiness of the welcome we gave them. Our president could not sufficiently compliment these brave *curés*. Amongst the first was the Abbé Grégoire, of Emberméail, to whom I had sold more than one of my little books. When I saw him arrive, I ran to embrace him, and to whisper:

"'This is well done! You are following the example of Christ, who did not go to the princes, or the priests, but among the people.'

"He laughed! I pictured to myself the faces of the bishops, in their adjacent halls, looking on at this defection!

"What simpletons the other *curés* are to hold with those who have humiliated them for so many centuries. The heart of the people must always be the same, whether it

beats under the smock of the peasant, or the soutane of the priest.

"On the 17th, in the presence of four or five thousand spectators, the Assembly declared itself constituted, and each of the members took the following oath :—'I swear and promise to fulfil with zeal and fidelity the functions with which I am charged.'

"Bailly was confirmed in the presidency of the National Assembly, and it was immediately declared by an unanimous vote, that—

"'The Assembly consented provisionally, for the nation, to the collection of the existing taxes—although illegally established and enforced ;—but only until the first separation of the Assembly, *from whatsoever cause it might arise.* After that day the levy of all taxes should cease throughout all the provinces of the kingdom, by the fact of the dissolution.

"Think well of this, Maître Jean, and make the notables of the country understand it. Our wretchedness for many centuries past has arisen from our being so ignorant and so timid as to pay taxes which had not been voted by our representatives. The sinews of

war are money, and we have put our money into the hands of those who fixed the yoke on our necks. But now, the man who should pay any tax after the dissolution of the National Assembly would be the meanest and worst of wretches, for he would thereby betray his father and his mother, his children, and himself. This is the first principle proclaimed by the National Assembly of 1790. The sitting was adjourned at five o'clock, and resumed the same evening.

"You may suppose that the king, the queen, the princes, the court, and the bishops, opened their eyes when they learned this declaration of the Third Estate. During the sitting, M. Bailly had been summoned to repair to the Chancery to receive a letter from the king, but the Assembly refused to permit him to absent himself. At the evening sitting M. Bailly read us this letter, by which we learned that the king disapproved of the phrase '*privileged orders!*' which several deputies of the Third Estate had used to designate the nobles and the clergy. The word did not please him. It was contrary, he said,

to the concord which ought to exist among us. But the fact did not seem contrary to that concord, and the fact was to remain.

There, Maître Jean, that is what I have already told you. Injustice does not exist at Court when it is called justice; baseness does not exist when it is called greatness. What were we to reply to all this? Nobody knew, so we all kept silence.

The next day we were present in a body at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Versailles. On the 19th the committee, four in number, were organised; all was in good order, and we were progressing rapidly, but this did not by any means suit the Court, especially as at nine o'clock on the same evening, it was announced that forty-nine deputies of the clergy had declared for the verification of powers in common. We have endured everything that we might fulfil our mission, we had been calm, we had kept down the anger inspired by hypocrisy and insolence.

When they saw that they could not in-

duce us to put ourselves in the wrong by indirect means, they determined to resort to others, more decisive, and more humiliating. On the 20th June this game commenced in earnest.

"Early in the morning of that day heralds went through the streets, proclaiming 'that the King having resolved to hold a royal session at the States General, on Monday, the 22nd June, the preparations to be made in the Three Halls rendered it necessary that the assemblies should be suspended until the said session; and that His Majesty would cause proclamations to be made in good time of the hour at which he would meet the Three Estates on Monday.'

"We also learned that a detachment of the French Guard had taken possession of the *Salle des Menus*.

"We perceived at once that the hour of danger had come, and I was very glad when Jacques and Gerard came to me at seven o'clock. The morning sitting had been appointed for eight o'clock. While we were eating our breakfast we came to a deter-

mination to support our President, who represented our union, and, consequently, our force.

"He looked upon those who wished to arrest the progress of the country as rascals, who had lived all their lives upon other men's toil, as worthless beings, without experience, capacity, feeling, or genius, who derived all their strength from the ignorance and the debasement of the people, always ready to be dazzled by the magnificence of lackeys, without reflecting that the gold lace, the embroidered coats, the plumed hats, and the gaudy coaches were produced out of their labour, by the impudence of the rogues who robbed them with impunity. As for the expedient of shutting the doors against us, it was so simply silly, that we shrugged our shoulders compassionately.

"Naturally, our good king had no notion of those things; his calm and gentle mind did not entertain these littlenesses, and we blessed him for his goodness and simplicity, without blaming him for the stupidity and the insolence of the Court.

"At a quarter to eight we left the house. On approaching the Salle des Menus, we saw about a hundred deputies of the Third Estate collected together on the esplanade, and Bailly in the midst. I must describe him to you.

"We chose him because he had a great reputation for honesty and courage. He is fifty or fifty-five years old, and has a long face, and a prim and solemn demeanour. He is never in a hurry, he listens and looks a long time before he makes up his mind; but when he has taken a resolution it is not to be changed or shaken. Other deputies of the Third Estate were arriving by different routes. At nine we advanced towards the *Salle*, M. Bailly and the two secretaries at our head.

"Some French guards kept the door. As soon as they saw us coming on, a commanding officer made his appearance, and came forward. A brief discussion took place between him and M. Bailly, which I was not near enough to hear; but we understood at once that the door was closed against us.

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The officer, Count de Vertan, an extremely polite gentleman, pleaded his orders.

"Our indignation was beyond words. In twenty minutes the number of the Assembly was complete, and, as the officer of the guard, notwithstanding his politeness, would not allow us to pass, several deputies protested loudly, and then we returned back, and went along the avenue to the great gate, in the midst of tumult. Some cried out that we ought to go to Marly, and hold our Assembly under the window of the château; others, that the King was plunging us into the horrors of civil war and starving the country, and that nothing like this had ever taken place under the greatest despots, not even in the time of Louis XI., Richelieu, and Mazarin.

"Half the population of Versailles was gathered around us, listening eagerly, and men, women, and children, shared our indignation. M. Bailly had gone away at ten o'clock, and we did not know what had become of him; but presently three deputies came to tell us that, after he had, with the

assistance of the commissioners who accompanied him, removed all our papers from the *Hôtel des Etats,* he had removed into a large building in the Rue Saint François (just opposite my lodgings), generally used for the game of tennis,—and that the assembly might be accommodated there.

"We set off for the Tennis Court, escorted by the people, and we reached the building at noon. The affront just put upon us made it plain that the nobles and the clergy were tired of treating us with any civility at all, and that we had other indignities to expect from them. Now, it had become necessary to take measures not only to secure our being permitted to exercise our functions, but to protect our existence. These unhappy people, accustomed to the employment of force only, did not recognise any other law; but fortunately for us we were near Paris, which disconcerted their plans.

"The Tennis Court is a square building, thirty-five feet in height, paved with large slabs of stone, without pillars, and without

cross-beams, with a plain roof. The light is admitted through several small windows at a considerable height above the floor, so that the interior is rather dreary.

"All around are narrow boarded galleries, through which one reaches the centre, a kind of covered place, like a corn market, which must be very ancient. There was no kind of furniture in this place; so that we had to borrow some chairs and tables from the neighbouring houses. The master of the establishment, a little bald man, seemed delighted at the honour we did him. A table was placed in the centre, with a few chairs round it, but the assembly stood. The crowd filled the galleries.

"Bailly, standing upon a chair, commenced by recapitulating the recent occurrences, and then read aloud two letters from the Marquis de Brézé, Master of Ceremonies, by which that nobleman communicated to him the order for the suspension of our meetings until the royal session. The two letters had the same object, the second merely adding that the order was positive. Afterwards,

M. Bailly proposed that we should deliberate upon our immediate course of action.

"I need not try to make you, Maître Jean, understand our feelings, you will divine them. We are the representatives of a great people, and we had seen this people outraged in our persons; we, who remember what our fathers suffered at the hands of a class of foreigners, who have lived for hundreds of years at our expense, and kept us in servitude; we, who had been reminded only a few days before, with calm insolence, that by a special grace, and for a special occasion, the superiority was abrogated 'of the grand descendants of the conquerors, over the humble posterity of the conquered!'

"And now, when we saw clearly that the same system was to be continued, by means of insolence and cunning, the same fate to be secured to our descendants, if we had not resolved to make any and every sacrifice for the maintenance of our rights and the reduction of the pride of those who were bent upon humiliation, I can only say that we must have proved that we richly deserved such vile treatment.

"Mounier, who, notwithstanding his intense anger, was perfectly calm, then gave utterance to a grand idea. He began by commenting on the extraordinary spectacle presented by the hall of the States General occupied by armed men; and we, the *National Assembly*, turned away from the door, exposed to the insolent ridicule of the nobles and their lackeys, and forced to take refuge at the Tennis Court, in order to pursue our labours. He declared that the intention of wounding our dignity was thus made plainly manifest, and that it was a warning to us of the eagerness, the bitterness, and the cunning, with which our opponents were endeavouring to push our good king to disastrous measures, and that in such a condition of affairs, the representatives of the nation had but one course to follow, which was, to bind themselves by a solemn oath to watch over the interests of the country and the public safety.

"As you may suppose, this proposition was received with extraordinary enthusiasm; each of us recognised that the union of honest men

is the terror of rogues, and the following resolution was immediately passed :

" ' The National Assembly being summoned to regulate the constitution of the kingdom, to accomplish the regeneration of public order, and to support the true principles of the monarchy, holds that no consideration whatever ought to be permitted to prevent its deliberations in whatever place it may be obliged to establish itself; and that wherever its members are assembled, there is the National Assembly.

" ' The National Assembly decrees that all its members shall, on the instant, take a solemn oath never to separate, and to re-assemble wherever circumstances may require, until the constitution of the kingdom shall have been firmly established on solid foundations ; and that the said oath having been taken, each member severally shall confirm this unalterable resolution by his signature.'

"How delighted you would have been, Maître Jean, if you could have looked into that great dreary hall, and seen us in the middle, the people all around us ; and if you could have

heard the hum of enthusiasm, astonishment, and gladness, which arose from the crowd. Then M. Bailly stood up again on a chair, and read aloud the formula of the oath, amid a profound silence; but when he had finished our hundreds of voices broke out, under the roof of the old building, like a clap of thunder, in one cry,—

"'We swear it! We swear it!'

"Ah, our ancestors, who had so much to suffer, ought to have stirred in their graves at that sound! I am not a sensitive man, but I felt as if I had not a drop of blood in my veins. I had never thought that such happiness could come in my time. The curé Jacques, who was near me, wept; Gérard, from Vic, was as white as a corpse. Finally, we all embraced.

"Outside the building loud acclamations spread far and wide to the old town, and as I listened, I called to mind the verse of the Gospel which says, when the soul of Christ returned to heaven, 'The earth trembled, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain.'

"When quiet was restored, the deputies drew near to the table, one by one, and repeated and signed the oath, which the secretaries wrote out.

"I have never written my name with so much pleasure, I laughed while I was signing it, and at the same time I wanted to cry. Ah! that was a happy day!

"Only one deputy, Martin d'Auch, of Castelmandary, signed 'opposed.' Valentine will be glad to know that he is not the solitary specimen of his kind in France, and that another son of the people loves the nobles better than his own race. There are then two of them.

"The opposition of Martin d'Auch was duly inscribed upon the register. A few deputies proposed that we should send a deputation to his Majesty, to represent to him our profound grief, &c. &c. But the Assembly simply adjourned until Monday, the 22nd, at the usual hour, after a resolution that, if the royal session should take place in the *Salle des Menus*, all the members of the Third Estate should remain there after its conclusion for

the despatch of their own business, which is that of the nation.

"We separated at six o'clock.

"When the Count d'Artois was apprised of what had occurred, he was quite astonished that we could deliberate at the Tennis Court, and, in order that it should not happen again, he engaged the building for his own use on the twenty-second.

"This time he was quite satisfied, poor prince, that we should not know where to hide our heads.

CHAPTER V.

"THE next day, we were informed, by command of the King, that the session was not to take place until the twenty-third, thus prolonging our anxiety.

"But, alas! these profound sages had not remembered that there are other places in Versailles besides the *Salle des Menus* and the *Jeu de Paume*. So that, on the twenty-second, the National Assembly went to the chapel of the Recollets, in the first instance, and then, finding it too small, to the church of St. Louis, where we had ample accommodation.

"Thus the magnificent plan of the Count d'Artois and the princes of Condé and Conti was completely upset; but then, one cannot think of everything.

"Who would have supposed that we should go to the church of Saint Louis, and that the clergy would come and join us there? And yet, Maître Jean, these are the great men who have kept us in utter abasement for centuries.

"It is easy now to see that our own ignorance was the cause of it, and that we need not reproach them. Jeannette Paramel, the simpleton of Baraques, has more wit than they.

"Towards noon, M. Bailly announced to us that he had been informed that the majority of the clergy would come down to the assembly, in order to verify their powers in common with us. The court had known this since the nineteenth, and it was in order to prevent this union, at any price, that the *Salle des Menus* had been closed against us, and a royal session prepared.

"The clergy assembled in the first instance in the choir of the church, and afterwards joined us in the nave. The scene was a very touching one. The curés had brought over their bishops, and almost all the bishops had

recovered their good sense. Only one ecclesiastic, abbé Maury, the son of a shoemaker from Comtat Venassin, felt his dignity hurt at his being mixed up with the deputies of the Third Estate. What singular things one sees in this world!

"In spite of this abbé, we distributed our papers, and made congratulatory speeches to each other, after which we adjourned until the following day, Tuesday, at nine o'clock, in the ordinary place of assembly, *i.e.*, the *Salle des Menus*.

"And now I have come to the twenty-third, the day of the royal session.

"As soon as I got up and pushed back the shutters on Tuesday morning, I saw that it was going to be an abominable day. The rain was not coming down yet, but the whole sky was a dirty grey. . .

"Nevertheless, the streets were swarming with people.

"Presently Jacques and Gerard came in to breakfast. We were all in our best attire, as on the day of our first meeting.

"What did this royal session mean?

What were we about to be told? We knew that the Swiss and French guards had been under arms since the previous evening. There was also a report that six regiments were coming to Versailles.

"While we were at breakfast, we heard the patrols in the Rue St. François. Gerard thought a *coup d'état* was in preparation, to force us, on peril of our lives, to vote the money, and then to send us away to our homes.

"The curé Jacques said this would be, so to speak, to demand from us our purse, or our lives, and that the King, notwithstanding his complaisance towards the Queen and the Count d'Artois, was incapable of such an act, that he would never consent to it.

"I thought with him, but I knew no more than the others what was the object of the royal session, my only idea was that they wanted to frighten us. At all events, we should soon know.

"At nine o'clock we set out. All the streets leading to the Hôtel des Etats were blocked up with people, the patrols came

and went, and every man, citizen, soldier, or workman, looked uneasy, everyone suspected mischief.

"As we drew near the Hall, it began to threaten rain, and it was plain we should soon have torrents. I was in front, and made all the haste I could.

"A hundred of the deputies of the Third Estate were waiting before the door, in the grand avenue, and they were not permitted to enter, while the nobles and the clergy passed in without remark, and just as I came up, a sort of footman informed the gentlemen of the Third Estate that, in order to prevent crowding and confusion, they were to enter by the Rue du Chantier.

"The Marquis de Brézé, who had had the trouble of placing us all on the first day of assembly, had given this order, I presume, on his own responsibility.

"It made us exceedingly angry, but, as the rain was falling heavily, we hurried round to the door in the side street, taking for granted that at least it was open.

"But, the Marquis not having yet arranged

the other two orders to his mind, the door at the back was still shut. We had to shelter ourselves in a sort of barn, on the left, while the nobles and the bishops went in slowly and majestically by the grand entrance.

"The Grand Master of Ceremonies did not trouble himself about us, he thought it quite natural that we should wait.

"What were we there for, but a mere form? Who were the representatives of the people? Who were the Third Estate? Mere rabble.

"Thus, no doubt, thought the Marquis de Brézé, and if peasants, citizens, like me, found it hard to swallow such affronts, repeated day after day, by a man who was only a kind of upper servant, imagine the fury of a noble like Mirabeau!

His hair stood up on his head, his cheek shook with rage. The rain beat violently upon us. Twice our president had been sent back from the door; the Marquis had still some great personages to place. Seeing this, Mirabeau pointed to the deputies of the

Third Estate, and said to Bailly, in a terrible voice:

"'President, lead the nation into the presence of the King!'

"Then, for the third time, Bailly approached and knocked at the door, and this time the Marquis deigned to appear, having no doubt completed his truly noble task. He, Maître Jean, may well boast of having served the Court! Our president told him that if the door was not opened, the Third Estate would withdraw. Then it was thrown wide open, and we saw the great hall, decorated as it had been on the first day, the benches filled by the nobles and the clergy, in their magnificent attire, while we came in drenched with rain. The nobles and some of the bishops laughed as we took our places, they seemed quite delighted at the sight of our humiliation.

"This is one of those things which 'are paid for at a high price.'

"We seated ourselves, and immediately the King entered, surrounded by the princes of the blood, the dukes and peers, the cap-

tains of the guard, and his body-guard. Not a single cry of 'Long live the King!' arose on our side. Silence was at once resumed, and the King said:

"'That he believed he had done everything for the welfare of his people, that it seemed that we had only to complete his work, but that during the two months which had elapsed, we had not been able to agree upon the preliminaries of our operations, and that he owed it to himself to put an end to these lamentable divisions. In consequence he was about to declare his wishes to us.'

"After this speech, the King sat down, and a secretary of state read the following:

"*Art.* 1. The King desires that the ancient distinction of the three Orders of the State shall be preserved entire, and that they shall form three separate Chambers. He declares that the resolutions of the Deputies of the Third Estate on the 17th of this month are null and void.

"*Art.* 2. His Majesty declares that all the

powers are valid, whether verified or non-verified, and commands that they shall be communicated to the other Orders without further delay or formality.

"*Art.* 3. The King abolishes and annuls the restrictions which have been placed upon the powers of the deputies.

"So that each of us could do as he chose—grant subsidies, vote taxes, alienate the rights of the nation, etc., etc., without troubling himself about the opinion of his constituents.

"*Art.* 4 and 5. If any of the deputies should have taken a rash oath to remain faithful to the terms of their mandates, the King permits them to write to their bailiwicks, in order that they may be freed from it; but in the meantime they must remain at their posts, in order to add weight to the decisions of the States General.

"*Art.* 6. His Majesty declares that in

future assemblages of the States General, he would not permit imperative mandates.

"No doubt because the rogues who sell their votes would be too easily recognised among the honest men who fulfil their mandates!

"Then his Majesty signified to us after what fashion he intended us to proceed. In the first place he forbade us for the future to treat of any matters in which the ancient rights of the Three Orders should be concerned; of the form of a constitution to be submitted to the next States General; of the seignorial and feudal properties; and of the honorary rights and prerogatives of the two First Orders. He declared that the special consent of the clergy should be necessary in everything relating to religion, ecclesiastical discipline, and the rules of the regular and secular orders.

"In short, Maître Jean, we were simply called hither to pay the deficit, and vote away the people's money; the rest is no affair of

ours! Everything is all right, or at least it will be so, when we shall have found the money.

"After this document had been read, the King stood up again to tell us that no monarch had ever done so much as he in the interests of the people, and that all those who should place any obstacles in the way of his paternal designs would be unworthy of the name of Frenchmen.

"Then another document was read, from which we learned his intentions respecting taxes, loans, and other financial measures.

"The King wishes to change the name of the taxes—the *name*, mind you, Maître Jean! Instead of a livre we are to pay twenty sous, instead of paying a collector, we are to pay a tax-gatherer; and thus the people are to be relieved!

"'No King has ever done so much for his people!'

"He wishes to abolish *lettres de cachet*, but to preserve them in cases where the honour of noble families is concerned. That is clear!

"He also wishes for the liberty of the press, but that great care should be taken to prevent the publication of *bad newspapers*, and *bad books*.

"He wishes the consent of the States General to be necessary to the raising of loans, only, in case of war, he declares himself to have power to borrow five millions to begin with. 'Because it is the fixed intention of the King never to place the welfare of his empire in subjection to any person or persons.'

"He also wished to consult us on the plans and charges which the nobles should preserve the right of giving, or of transmitting in the future. In short, we were treated to a medley of subjects on which the king desired to consult us. But the King invariably reserved to himself the right of doing what he chose—our business was to pay. In that respect we had an unfailing preference. Then once more his Majesty spoke to us:

"'Remember, gentlemen,' said he, 'that not one of your projects, not one of your dispositions, can have the force of law, without

my special approbation; I am the natural guarantor of your rights. It is I who secure the happiness of my people, and it has rarely occurred that a sovereign's sole ambition has been to obtain his subject's concurrence in the benefits which he designs for them. I command you, gentlemen, to separate at once, and to repair to-morrow morning to the several chambers set apart for your Orders, there to resume your sittings.'

CHAPTER VI.

"AT last we were put in our right place! We had been brought thither to vote money, and that was all! But for the declaration of the parliament that the taxes had been hitherto illegally levied, the idea of convoking the States General would never have occurred to our good king. And now, the States General were turning out more troublesome than the parliaments, and we were ordered about like servants: 'I command you to separate at once!'

"The bishops, the marquises, the counts, and the barons enjoyed our confusion, and sneered at us from the height of their grandeur, but, believe me, Maître Jean, not one of

us cast down his eyes. We all felt a terrible thrill within us.

"The King, without another word, went out as he had come in.

"Almost all the bishops, several of the curés, and the greater number of the nobles, retired by the grand entrance. We of the Third Estate were to go out by the small door in the Rue de Chantier; but for the present we remained in our places. Each was reflecting, each was gathering up his strength and his anger. This lasted a quarter of an hour, and then Mirabeau arose, his great head flung back, and his eyes sparkling. The silence was terrible. Suddenly his deep voice broke it.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I acknowledge that what we have just heard might be the salvation of the country, if there were not always danger in the gifts of despotism. Wherefore this insulting dictation? Why this parade of armed force, and this violation of the national temple, in order to command us to be happy?'

"A shudder ran through the Assembly, for

we all knew that Mirabeau was staking his head! He knew it as well as we, but his indignation carried him away, and his face was quite changed. At that moment, Maître Jean, it was beautiful; for he who risks his life in attacking injustice is always beautiful. He continued:

"'Who is it that commands you? Your mandatory? Who makes imperious laws for you?—Your mandatory? He who ought to remove them from us, gentlemen, he, who is endued with a political and inviolable priesthood by us, he, in short, at whose hands 25,000,000 men expect assurance and satisfaction, because it ought to be consented to, given, and received alike by all!'

"Every word was a bullet sent into the old throne of absolutism.

"'But the freedom of your deliberations is fettered,' he said, with a gesture which made us tremble; 'a military force encompasses the Estates! Where are the enemies of the country? Is Catiline at our gates? I demand that, arraying yourself in all your dignity, and your legislative power, you remain

firm to the sanctity of your oaths, which forbid you to separate until you have formed the constitution.'

"While he was speaking, the Master of Ceremonies, who had followed the King, reentered the hall, and now advanced towards us with his plumed hat in his hand. When Mirabeau ceased speaking, he said a few words, but as we did not hear them, several of the deputies called out angrily:

"'Louder! louder!'

"Then he raised his voice, and said:

"'Gentlemen, you heard the commands of the King!'

"Mirabeau had remained standing, and I saw his under-jaw protruded with a withering expression of scorn and anger.

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, slowly, in the tone of a great man who addresses an inferior; 'we have heard the intentions which have been suggested to the King. But you, who are assuredly not his mouthpiece to the States General, you who have no place here, and no right to speak, are hardly suitable to remind us of his discourse.'

"Then, holding himself upright, and eyeing the master of ceremonies with supreme disdain, he resumed:

"'However, in order to avoid any mistake and further delay, I tell you at once, that if you are charged to make us leave this place, you would have done well to get leave to use force, for we will quit this Hall at the point of the bayonet only.'

"The Assembly rose like one man, and shouted:

"'Yes! yes!'

"There was an extraordinary tumult, but after a few minutes quiet was re-established, and then our president said to the master of ceremonies:

"'The Assembly decided yesterday that it would remain sitting after the royal session. I cannot adjourn the Assembly until it has deliberated without constraint.'

"'Am I to convey this answer to the King?' asked the Marquis.

"'Yes, sir,' replied the president.

"Then the Master of Ceremonies retired, and the sitting proceeded.

"To tell you the truth, Maître Jean, we expected violent treatment. But, at two o'clock, instead of soldiers, a number of carpenters came in, and immediately set to work to demolish the daïs which had been erected for the royal use. This was another invention of the queen and d'Artois; not daring to employ force, they employed noise. Was there ever anything so mean and miserable! You may suppose that this new trick did not keep us from doing our duty.

"The discussion went on in the midst of the hammering, and at last the workmen, astonished at our composure, laid aside their tools, and came down the steps to listen to us. If the Count d'Artois could have seen them, from that time to the end of the sitting, as still as if they were in a church, and more attentive, loudly applauding the speakers when they uttered just and forcible truths, he would have understood that the people are not quite such fools as he likes to think them.

"Camus, Barnave, and Sieyès spoke. Sieyès said, as he left the tribune:

"'You are to-day what you were yesterday!'

"The votes were then taken, and *the National Assembly unanimously declared that it persisted in its previous decrees.* Then Mirabeau, whose wrath had had time to cool, and who clearly saw that his head was in danger, said:

"'How earnestly I bless Liberty, whose fair fruits are ripening fast in the National Assembly. Let us now cement our work by declaring the persons of all deputies to the States General inviolable. By so doing we shall not manifest fear, but shall act with prudence, and place an effectual check upon the violent counsels which betray the throne.'

"We all perceived the cleverness of this device, and the motion was carried by a majority of four hundred and ninety-three to thirty-four.

"The Assembly separated at six o'clock, after having made the following decree:

"'The National Assembly declares that the person of each deputy is inviolable; that any private individual, corporation, tribunal, court,

or commission which shall dare, during or after the present session, to prosecute, arrest, or cause to be arrested, or shall detain, or cause to be detained, any deputy by reason of any proposition, opinion, advice, or speech at the States General, as well as all persons who shall lend their aid to any of the above-mentioned attempts, no matter by whom ordered or prescribed, are infamous traitors to the nation, and guilty of capital crimes. The National Assembly declares that in all the aforementioned cases it will take measures to prosecute and punish their authors, instigators, and agents.'

"Mirabeau had now nothing to fear, nor had we. If the Court attempted to touch us now, all France would be moved to terrible anger. We ought to have begun by this measure, but good ideas do not strike one all at the same time.

"I think, too, the Court was well advised just then, not to push matters to extremity, for during the whole sitting of the 22nd, the avenues of Versailles were crowded with the people, and the comers and goers were perpe-

tually bringing them news. They heard all that was going on, and if any attack had been made on us, the whole population would have been on our side.

"At the same time a report was circulated that Neckar had been dismissed, and replaced by the Count d'Artois, and the moment we adjourned, the people rushed to the palace. The French Guards had received orders to fire, but not one of them stirred. The crowd actually penetrated to Neckar's apartments, and it was only on receiving his personal assurance that he would remain, that they consented to retire.

"In Paris the exasperation was still more violent. As I heard it expressed, when the news reached the people that the King had broken up everything, 'One felt fire kindling under the paving-stones, and a gesture would have kindled civil war.'

"This must have been the case, because, in spite of the advice of the princes, notwithstanding the Swiss and German regiments which had been brought from the four corners of France, and the cannon which had been

placed within the queen's stables, opposite the hall of the Estates, and whose mouths we could see from our windows, notwithstanding his own words to us, the King wrote to the deputies of the nobles to command them to join the deputies of the Third Estate in the general hall; and on the 30th of June (yesterday), we beheld the 'proud descendants of the conquerors' seated by the side of 'the humble posterity of the conquered.' They did not laugh yesterday as they laughed on the morning of the 23rd, when they saw us come into the hall drenched with rain.

"And so, Maître Jean, this is how we stand. The first game is won. And now we are going to construct the Constitution. It is a difficult task, but we will take our time over it, and we have our reports to guide us, we have nothing to do but to follow them. All the complaints and all the desires of the people must enter into this Constitution: 'Abolition of feudal rights, *corvées*, the gabelle, and inland customs. Equality of taxation, and before the law. The admission of

all citizens to civil and military employment. The inviolability of letters. Legislative powers reserved to the representatives of the nation. The responsibility of all agents of power. Unity of legislation, administration, weights and measures. Gratuitous instruction and justice. Equal partition of goods among children. Liberty of trade, industry, and labour.' In short, everything must be clearly set down, and arranged in order by chapters, so that every one may understand it, and the humblest peasant may know his duties and his rights.

"Be easy, my friends; mankind will talk for many a long day of 1789.

"This is all I have to say to you at present. Let me hear from you as soon as possible. We want to know all that is going on in the provinces, and my colleagues are better informed than I. Tell Michel to devote one hour of every day to me after his work is done; let him tell me everything which takes place at Baraques and in the neighbourhood, and send me the packet at the end of each month. In this way we shall be always with one another, as formerly, and we shall feel as

if we were chatting together in the chimney-corner. I embrace you all. Marguerite desires me to say you are not to forget her, and that she never forgets you.

"Your friend,

"CHAUVEL."

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE I read this letter aloud, Maître Jean, the curé, Christophe, and big Materne looked at each other in silence. A few months before, any one who had dared to speak in such terms of the king, the queen, the court, and the bishops, would have inevitably been sent to the galleys for the rest of his life. But things change rapidly in this world, when the time for change has come, and that which was considered to be abominable becomes quite natural.

Even when I had finished, the silence remained unbroken for some minutes. At last Maître Jean said:

"Well, Christophe, what do you think of all that? He expresses himself pretty freely, eh?"

"Yes," said the curé, "there is no more restraint; and for so prudent a man, so astute a man as Chauvel, to have written that letter, shows me that the Third Estate have the whip and reins in their hands. What he says of the 'inferior clergy,' as my lords the bishops call us, is true; we are of the people, and we hold with the people. Jesus Christ, our Divine Master, chose to be born in a stable, he lived with the poor, and for them, and he died for them. He is our model! We, the clergy, also demand, like the Third Estate, a monarchical constitution, in which the legislative power shall belong to the Estates, in which the equality of all men before the law shall be established; in which any abuse of power, even in the Church, shall be severely repressed, in which primary instruction shall be universal and gratuitous, and unity of legislation established throughout the kingdom. The nobles demand that the wives of nobles shall wear ribbons different from those worn by the wives of commoners! They are occupied solely with questions of etiquette; they do not say a

word about the people; they recognise none of their rights, and they make no concessions to them, except in mere trifles. Our bishops, who are almost all nobles, hold with the nobility, and we, the sons of the people, with the people; so that only two parties exist, the privileged and the non-privileged, the aristocracy and the people.

In all this Chauvel is right. But he speaks too freely of the king, the princes, and the Court. Royalty is a principle. The old Calvinist comes out here; he thinks he already has under his feet the descendants of those who tortured and slew his ancestors. But do not believe, Jean, that Charles IX., Louis XIV., or even Louis XV., were bitter against the Huguenots on account of their religion! They made that a pretext with the people, because the people interest themselves only about religion, their country, things which appeal to the heart; they do not care a straw about dynasties, or having their bones broken in the cause of Pierre, Jean, or Jacques! The kings made them believe that they were defending religion, because the Calvinists, on

religious pretexts, wanted to found a republic like that of Switzerland, and from La Rochelle, which was their nest, they spread their ideas of liberty and equality throughout the south of France.

The people believed themselves to be fighting for religion, they were really fighting the battles of despotism against equality. Do you understand all this now? If the Calvinists had not been rooted out and destroyed, they would have established the republic. Chauvel knows this well. I am sure this is his real motive, and just on that point I do not agree with him.

"But," cried Maître Jean, "it is abominable of the princes and nobles to treat the deputies of the Third Estate in such a way!"

"Ah, what would you have?" replied the curé. "Pride precipitated Satan into hell. Pride begins by blinding its victims, and then impels them to acts of senseless injustice. In point of good sense, the last may truly be said to be first, and the first last. God knows how it will all end. As for us, my friends,

the best thing we can do is to try to fulfil our duty as Christians in all things."

The others listened.

Christophe and his brother went away presently in a pensive mood.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE object of the convocation of the States General had simply been to force the deputies of the Third Estate to accept the expenses of the court, the nobles, and the bishops, to supply the deficit, and to lay the entire burthen on the backs of the citizens, the artisans, and the peasants. It was on account of this that the nobles and the clergy, perceiving that they were resolved to abolish privileges, refused to unite with the Third Estate, and treated them with such indignity that they unanimously revolted, swore not to separate until they should have constructed the Constitution

and proclaimed themselves the National Assembly.

Of all this we were informed by Chauvel's letter, which you have seen. At the time we heard this news, the scarcity was still so great that the poor were living on the grass of the fields, which they boiled with a little salt. Fortunately, the woods were not exhausted, and the foresters of my lord the Cardinal Bishop stayed quietly at home, that they might not fall in with any delinquents, for the storm was gathering and threatening. It was a terrible time for everybody, but especially for all the revenue agents, the magistrates, and all persons who lived on wages from the king. They knew, they felt, that they were menaced with ruin, and they looked at us askance, uneasily; they neglected to powder their wigs, and they no longer came to dance their minuets at Tivoli.

The news from Versailles spread rapidly to the most distant villages. We were waiting for something, no one knew for what! A rumour arose that our deputies were sur-

rounded with troops, that the plan was to terrify, and perhaps to massacre them. Every one who came to the Three Pigeons talked in this sense. But Maître Jean protested:

"What are you thinking about! Is our good king capable of such an abomination? Is it not he who has convoked the deputies of his people, in order that he may learn our needs, and secure our happiness? Put such ideas out of your head!"

Some men from Harberg and Dagsbourg who were there, said nothing, but went thoughtfully away, and Maître Jean said:

"God grant that the Queen and the Count d'Artois do not take any desperate step, for those who have nothing more to lose have everything to gain, and if strife once breaks out, no one among us here will see the end of it."

He was right. Not one of those who were alive that day, nobles, citizens, or peasants, has seen the end of the Revolution, for it is still going on, and it will continue until the

spirit of justice, kindness, and good sense dwells among us.

Things went on quietly for several weeks; the early harvest time had come, and the famine was lessening in our villages, when on the 18th July the news was spread that Paris was in violent commotion; that the Assembly had been surrounded in order to force it to dissolve; that the municipality had risen against the King, and armed the citizens; that the people were fighting in the streets against the foreign regiments, and that the French guards were siding with the town.

Then we remembered Nicholas' letter, and all this seemed quite natural to us. All the people who came back from Phalsbourg told us the same things. The regiment of La Fére was ordered into barracks, and almost every hour mounted messengers stopped at the governor's house, and then left for Alsace at full speed.

Imagine the surprise of the people! Now, we are quite used to revolutions, but it was not so in those days, the idea of making one

would never have occurred to us. We were all in terror.

On the 19th everything was quiet, and no news came, but the next day we heard of the taking of the Bastille; we knew that the Parisians had got the upper hand, that they had muskets, powder, and cannon; and this intelligence produced such an effect that our mountaineers came down with their axes, their forks, and their scythes into Alsace and Lorraine. They passed by in bands, shouting:

"To Marmoutier!" "To Saverne!" "To Neuviller!" "To Lixheim!"

They swarmed over the country like ants, and demolished the herds' huts, the game-keepers' and foresters' houses, the booths of the inland tax-collectors, and the toll-gates on the high roads. Létumier, Cochart, Huré, and others belonging to our village, determined not to be behind the people of Mittelbronn, Quatre Vents, and Lutzelbourg, came to fetch Maître Jean, but he would not go out with them.

"Leave me alone!" he said; "do what

you please! I will not meddle in the matter.".

But he changed his mind when he found that the inhabitants of almost all the villages of Alsace had already burned the papers belonging to the convents and the nobles, and that the Baraquins wanted to burn those of the commune, which were at the Tiercelin monastery at Lixheim. Then he put on his coat, and he and I went out with Létumier and the others, to endeavour to save our title-deeds.

It was terrible to see the mountaineers assembled on the plain, with their axes and scythes hoisted into the air, in thousands. Their cries rose and fell like waves, and numbers of women accompanied them, armed with hatchets, and with their matted hair streaming in the wind. Not one stone of Forbin's house at Mittelbronn was left upon another, the roof had fallen into the cellar. At Lixheim, we walked knee-deep in straw and feathers, for the people had flung everything out of the windows of the unhappy Jews, and hacked their furniture to pieces in

the streets. When men give vent to their passions, they know no bounds; they confound religion, the love of money, vengeance, everything! I saw the poor Jews flying towards the town, with their wives and daughters, carrying their shrieking children in their arms, and the old men stumbling after them, weeping. And yet, who had suffered more, under our kings, than these very Jews? Who had had a better right to complain? But all this was forgotten.

The monastery of the Tiercelins was at old Lixheim, and the five priests who lived there had charge of the title-deeds of Bronvillet, Heischheim, and Pickelholtz, as well as those of Baraques, and even Phalsbourg.

All the communes had joined the crowd of mountaineers, and filled the old streets around the police-court. They demanded their papers, but the Tiercelins thought:

"If we give up the title-deeds, these people will massacre us afterwards."

When Maître Jean arrived, the village mayors were assembled near the fountain, in

consultation. Some were for burning all before them, others for immediately forcing the doors. A few, who were more reasonable, proposed that they should first make their demand to have the title-deeds given up, and then, if any resistance were offered, they could see. These calmer counsels prevailed; and Jean Leroux was chosen, with two others, to go and demand the papers. The Tiercelins, seeing that only three were approaching, opened the heavy door, and shut it again the instant they had passed through.

Maître Jean told us afterwards what had taken place inside the monastery. The poor old men trembled like hares, and Father Marcel, their Superior, said that the title-deeds were in his keeping, that he could not give them up, and that he would lose his life first!

But then Maître Jean made him look out of a window at the forest of axes and scythes which stretched away out of sight, and the old man looked, without a word, but pre-

sently he opened a great press, shut in with a trellis of iron-work, within which the registers lay, heaped up to the ceiling.

Our papers had to be selected from amongst these, and put in order. As this process occupied a considerable time, the people took it into their heads that their mayors were forcibly detained, and were approaching, with loud cries, to force the gates, when Maître Jean made his appearance on the balcony with a great bundle of papers in his hand, which he held up for them to see, with an air of triumph. Then there arose a shout of satisfaction, which was heard at the other end of Lixheim.

Every one cried out:

"We have them! We have our papers!"

Maître Jean and the others soon came out, dragging a small cart full of registers, and went through the crowd, saying that no one must maltreat the reverend fathers, because they had given up everyone's property. That was all the people wanted.

Every village received its papers at the

Town Hall; a bonfire was kindled on the spot, and many burned their own title-deeds together with those of the convent. But Jean Leroux had put ours safely by in his pocket, for which reason Baraques preserves its rights of pasture and gleanage in the oak woods to this day, whereas many of the villages have no rights at all, having, so to speak, destroyed their own forests and pastures for ever.

I could tell you a great deal more about these matters, for a number of people, instead of giving up the title-deeds which they had saved, kept them, and subsequently sold them to the former lords of the soil, and even to the State, so that they became rich at the expense of their communes. But it is useless to speak of this now, the rascals who did it are dead—gone to their account long ago.

It may be said with truth, that in fifteen days France was changed from top to bottom; all the title-deeds of the chateaux and the monasteries had vanished in smoke! The alarm-bell rang day and night, the long line

of the Vosges was red with flames, for the abbeys, the old hawks' nests, were burning like torches among the stars; and all this lasted until the 4th August, the day on which the nobles and bishops solemnly renounced, at the National Assembly, their feudal rights and privileges.

Some of us maintained that they need not have renounced them, because they had all been destroyed beforehand, which was true, no doubt; but yet it was better that the thing should be done in that manner, as it deprived their descendants of any pretext for an appeal.

This, then, is the simple history of the means by which the people got rid of the ancient rights of the "*noble race of the conquerors.*" They had put us under their yoke by force, and it was by force we flung it off.

After that the National Assembly might begin to work at the Constitution. The King himself went to compliment that body, and said:

"You are wrong to mistrust me. The

regiments which I sent for, the ten thousand men encamped upon the Champ de Mars, the cannon which surround you, are only intended for your protection. But since you do not wish them to remain, I am going to send them away."

Our representatives affected to believe what he said; but if the Bastille had not been taken, if the nation had not risen, if the foreign regiments had had the best of it, if the French guards had marched against the city, what would have happened then? One did not need much wisdom to guess! Our good King, Louis XVI., would have spoken in quite a different tone, and our deputies would have had a hard time of it!

Happily things had gone well for us; the commune of Paris had just formed its National Guard, and all the communes in France were following its example, and arming themselves to resist those who desire to reimpose their yoke upon us. At each decree of the National Assembly the peasants took their axes, or their muskets, and said:

"Let us put that in execution on the spot. It will be sooner done. Let us save our good lords the trouble!"

And they carried out the law.

CHAPTER IX.

I ALWAYS take pleasure in remembering the formation of our "citizen militia," as the National Guard was at first designated, in 1789. The enthusiasm was almost as great as at the nomination of the deputies of the Third Estate.

Maître Jean was named lieutenant of the Baraques company, Létumier sub-lieutenant, Gauthier Courtois sergeant-major, and then there were other sergeants and corporals. We had no captain, because Baraques did not furnish an entire company.

We had received muskets from the arsenal, old things, with bayonets an ell in length. We handled them very well, for all that; only at first they had to send us as instruc-

tors some sergeants of the La Fère regiment, who taught us our drill on Sunday afternoons on the Champ de Mars.

Before the end of the week Maître Jean had ordered his uniform from Konnitz, the regimental tailor, and on the second Sunday he arrived at the drill-ground in full uniform, with his blue coat and red facings, his epaulets, and his cocked hat, and his long sword rattling against his heels. He went up and down along our line, with keen, shining eyes, and called out to Valentine:

"Throw back your shoulders, citizen Valentine!"

Never was there seen a finer-looking man. Dame Catherine could hardly believe this was really her husband, and Valentine seemed to lose his head altogether by merely looking at him. His long, yellow face grew longer and more yellow, in sheer admiration. He thought he looked like a lord.

But Maître Jean was not such a good hand at the exercise as some of the others. Létumier could have given him a hurt or two; but we were all good friends, and enjoyed

ourselves heartily. All the villagers learned to keep step like veterans, and the children looked on, and rent the air with cries of "Long live the nation!"

Annette Minot, who sold fruit in the market, kept our canteen. She had her little deal table, her chair, and her jar of brandy in the centre of the Champ de Mars, with a tray full of mugs, and her great tricoloured umbrella outspread between her and the sun. But that did not keep her from being nearly roasted underneath it; and at about three o'clock we did not feel particularly comfortable either, and had swallowed quite enough dust. How clearly all these things come back to me! How well I remember, when our little sergeant Quèrn released us from drill, how we all made for Annette Minot's table, and each made it a point of honour to offer a glass to the sergeant, who never refused it, and told us in his southern accents:

"You are getting on, citizens; you are doing very fairly!"

"Quèrn was very fond of brandy, but that did us no harm. He was a brave

fellow, and a capital instructor, and a sound patriot. All the old sergeants fraternised with the citizens, and often, in the evenings, they would slip into the room where our club met, and listen attentively to our discussions. These men had passed fifteen or twenty years in the lower grades, doing the duties of the noble officers, and later, we have seen them all become captains, colonels, even generals. They felt all this by anticipation, and so they also were for the Revolution.

The nobles and the bishops gave a striking proof of their simplicity at this time. Immediately after the taking of the Bastille, instead of remaining in the National Assembly to maintain their rights, if they had any, these people packed up their goods, and set off to our enemies to beg their assistance against us. They went away by hundreds,—lords, bishops, servants, abbés, capuchins, fine ladies,—the roads were full of them ; those from Lorraine went by Trèves, those from Alsace went by Coblentz and Bôle, and they all said, in a threatening tone :

"Wait! wait! We will come back! we will come back!"

They were like mad people, and we only laughed at them. This is what they call the emigration. It began with the Count d'Artois, Prince de Condé, Prince de Bourbon, Polignac, and Marshal de Broglie, he who commanded the army around Paris, and was to have captured the National Assembly. They had driven the King into all his follies, and now that they recognized his danger, these good royalists left him alone in his trouble. Seeing this general flight, Maître Jean said:

"Let them go! let them go! We and our good King are well rid of them! Now, he will not have the Count d'Artois to put his ideas into his head."

Everyone was delighted. Ah, if they had only all gone away! We should never have said any more about them; we would have made them a present with all our hearts to the Germans, the English, and the Russians; but a great number of them remained in command of our regiments, and they only thought of inducing the soldiers to rise

against the nation. What an abominable action! You shall see what these people tried to do against their country; all shall be made plain to you in due time. Up to this period the Parisians still loved the King, and they wished to have him among them. They sent their wives to Versailles to entreat him to come back with the Queen, Marie Antoinette, and all the royal family. Louis XVI. could not but comply with their urgent prayer; and the poor people, who were almost starving, said:

"Now we shall not die of hunger. Here come the baker, his wife, and the baker's boy."

Lafayette preceded the royal cortége, on his white horse. He was made commandant of the National Guard, and Bailly Mayor of Paris. All this shows how good-hearted the unfortunate people were, and how they never kept up resentment against those who had injured them.

Chauvel wrote to us about all these affecting things. He told us that the National Assembly had followed the King, and was then

sitting in a large riding-school, behind the Chateau of the Tuileries. Every five or six weeks we received one of his long letters, and with it a parcel of newspapers: "*The Journal of the Paris Revolutions*," "*The Revolutions of France and Brabant*," "*Patriotic Annals*," "*The Parisian Publicist*," and many others whose names I cannot recall. They were full of strength and spirit, especially the articles written by Loustalot and Camille Desmoulins.

Everything which was said and done in France was reported in those journals so plainly, that the simplest peasant could clearly understand our position. We read them in the market at Phalsbourg, where Elof Collin had established our first club, on the model of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers of Paris. Then we used to meet in the evenings, between the fire-pump stores and the old butchers' shops, and Létumier used to proclaim the news in a voice so strong and clear that it could be heard at the Place d'Armes.

All the countryside collected to listen,

while the notables of the town delivered speeches upon the rights of man, the veto, the division of France into departments, the admission of Protestants and Jews to public offices, the institution of juries, the abolition of convents and religious orders, the resumption by the nation of the goods of the clergy, the creation of assignats; in short, all the questions which were occupying the attention of the National Assembly? What life, movement, and change!

Formerly, the nobles and the bishops would have said, done, and arranged everything in their own interest at Versailles, without troubling themselves about us. They would have continued to shear us periodically like sheep; their intendants, their collectors, their lieutenants of police would have come down on us to enforce their wishes, which would have been made law; our good King, the best of men, would have gone on talking about his love of his unhappy subjects; balls, fêtes, hunting parties, presentations, and bowing and scraping, would have filled the Court newspapers; and, in the meantime,

cold, hunger, and suffering of every kind would have gone on doing their work among the people.

Believe me, it is a great happiness to hear one's own affairs sensibly discussed, and to have a voice in the matter; how one exclaims, how one rages against anything one does not like!

Now, indeed, we might be said to live! To this day I can see the old market, with its lantern hanging from the central beam, the forms full of people, and the children squatting on Damien the cobbler's bench; while Collin stood up on the table with his newspaper, and read it aloud. The wind whistles under the roof, the lantern throws its rays down on the crowd; at a distance the sentinel, pacing up and down, stops to listen. I see and hear it all. And those old men of that time—asleep, behind the moss-grown stones for fifty years past—I see them also. Boileau, our fat mayor, with his tricolour scarf, and the grave alderman, Jean Beaucaire, a royal sergeant, in the time when we had provosts, replaced afterwards by Joseph Basaille,

quarter-master of the National Gendarmerie, and the provost himself, with his long nose, his yellow face, and his wig; all these people who stand about near the pillars—saying nothing to us, instead of having us dispersed, taken up, or even hanged, as they would have done two years earlier—they also come back to me.

Those who have not actually witnessed such changes can form no idea of their happiness; and the only advice I can give them is to endeavour, by courage and good sense, to avoid being put back again into the state in which we lived before '89. Let them look to it! Rascals are never wanting who would ask no better than to live in pride, idleness, and every kind of enjoyment at the expense of the people.

CHAPTER X.

IN the midst of the great overturning of all things; when the mountaineers were coming down into the plains; when the châteaux, the convents, and the toll-gates were burning; when the monks and the bishops were running away in carriages, on horseback, and on foot; when the former gatherers were eager to be enrolled in the citizens' guard, and the procurators fiscal to be made presidents of the districts,—in the midst of this tremendous tumult, I remember, above all, the misery of my poor father, who trembled lest he should sell no more brooms and baskets, and the frequent saying of my mother: "The end of the world is approaching. . . . We are lost!—let us try to save our souls!"

One evening my brother Claude arrived at home with his stick in his hand, and quite in despair.

"What is to become of me?" he said. "The reverend fathers Tiercelins are going away, and they have dismissed me. What am I to do, now that there are no more cows to tend?"

I was twenty years old then, full of health and strength, and the timidity of my parents made me angry. I said to them: "Good God! What are you so frightened about? We have borne many other miseries; we have lived under the weight of the tithes, the *corvées*, the gabelle, and a host of other taxes, and kept the nobles and the monks by our toil; and now that we are delivered from them, now that we are going to keep the money which they cost us, you think it is an occasion for groans. All the cows and sheep are not dead, and if Claude must have a flock and a herd to tend, let him wait, he will find one; or perhaps one day or other, I may take him to be my cow-herd."

I know this was very insolent on my part,

but what would you have? My ideas about the duty of submission were changing from day to day. I already thought that the peasants were worth a great deal more than the nobles, that the latter seemed great only because the former had made themselves so small, and that it was time for us to get over our respect for privileges.

Then my mother, whose elbow was on the table, and her closed hand behind her ear, looked steadily at me, her lips compressed, and her piercing gray eyes contemptuous, and said:

"As for you, Michel, pride is eating you up! You think, like Joseph, that the sheaves of your brethren bow down before yours, and that the stars twinkle for your glorification. But I warn you, you will not be the minister of the King of Egypt, but you will be hanged, and the birds of prey shall come and eat out of your basket."

At eight o'clock I left our house, and went to the club in town to declaim against our former aldermen and syndics. My voice was the loudest there, and when anyone contra-

dicted me my eyes shone with anger. By the end of the winter I was foremost in moving our resolutions, and always led the cries of "Long live the friends of the Constitution!" or "Down with false patriots!"

All this gained consideration for me at Baraques. At ten o'clock, as we were returning home by moonlight, we sang "Ça ira." I was singing like a thrush, and Maître Jean, whose hand was on my shoulder, laughed, and said: "Michel is one of the true sort, we shall always be together." See what it is to be young! The idea of Marguerite and Chauvel redoubled my patriotism, love filled my heart.

The year passed very quickly, the winter was fine, the snow melted as it fell, and by the end of February there was not any to be seen.

During the months of March, April, and May, 1791, the federation of the citizen guards commenced. They met together at the different villages and fraternised, and instead of beating each other with sticks and stones as they had done formerly, they em-

braced, with loud cries of "Freedom or Death!"

The women and girls came to look on at these fêtes, but they did not take any part in them. The fashion of goddesses and graces had not come up at this time.

The thing which gave more pleasure to the peasants than all the rest was the commencement of the sale of church property.

It stands to reason that in such a time of revolution, when all the former taxes were abolished, the deficit went on increasing, and the National Assembly, which represented such a nation as France, would not dishonour it, as our former kings had done, by a national bankruptcy.

But how were the debts of the monarchy to be paid? Where was the money to come from?

Fortunately the Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand de Périgord, said that the church had the worth of four milliards of property, divided among one hundred thousand religious of all sorts, and that by giving these religious liberal pensions, and taking their

goods as a deposit, the lands, being better cultivated, might be made to pay the pensions and a large surplus besides.

This idea was a real inspiration, and so, notwithstanding the protests of all the other bishops, the National Assembly decreed that the church property should be sold, and pensions paid to the priests out of the proceeds.

Thus the country was saved from bankruptcy, and a beginning was made by the sale of four hundred millions' worth of church property, in the year 1790. Then, numbers of old people, who had not given in cordially to the Revolution, began to support it warmly; their eyes sparkled, they took their old bags, where their poor store had been amassed, a farthing at a time, and went off to the municipality, where the lots were sold to the highest bidder.

Each municipality was answerable for its sales; it sent the bonds to the Exchequer, and the bonds paid off the deficit, which was the creation of the nobles and the bishops, who had contracted the debts without ever

consulting us. A little later, these bonds were called assignats, and represented so much land.

No one had the right to refuse assignats, because land is money. If I had only had a little money in those days, I could have made many a good bargain. How often I have heard those rich pastures, luxuriant woods, and noble meadows, appraised by the auctioneer, under the roof of the old Town Hall. My heart ached that I had never been able to put by a farthing, and whenever an old grey-head in a blouse went away, taking a valuable lot with him, I regarded him with envy, and said in the bottom of my heart:

"Michel, you must work and economise, and thus you too shall be happy in your old age."

I have never forgotten what I then felt. Unfortunately the best opportunities are all gone by; nothing remains to be sold now but the forests which belong to the State, and we are expecting a new deficit. But we have more order and economy now, and everything

is done by loans. Our children will have to pay our debts.

However, we must be content with what we have, and acknowledge that it is tolerably good, while hoping for better.

I need not tell you how the monks and other irregular priests took the sale of their lands. They shrieked and raved, and invoked eternal perdition on every one who purchased the national property, but nobody minded them, and Maître Jean in particular bought some excellent lots, consisting of a wood which had belonged to the reverend fathers, and a hundred and fifty acres of good land at Pickelholtz. He got the whole for twelve thousand livres, and came home from the sale in a state of boisterous delight.

Dame Catherine reproved him, timidly, and hinted something about the welfare of his soul, but he only laughed at her as he walked up and down with his hands behind his back.

"Bah! nonsense!" said he, "we will burn two pounds of wax-tapers to the honour of the Holy Virgin! Don't be

frightened, Catherine, it will all be laid to my account."

And he pulled down his waistcoat, and drew himself up, and whistled joyfully.

I would have been delighted to have taken his luck on me, in spite of all the old village devotees who cursed him. My mother never forgave him. But Maître Jean was none the worse for that; on the contrary, he, no doubt, said to himself:

"Now I am a rich man. If I should grow tired of the forge, I need never handle a hammer again. I am of the opinion of Bishop Talleyrand de Périgord, and I can well afford to despise the blame of the envious, who would gladly be in my place."

These agreeable thoughts restored his health, and kept up his spirits, so that he lived to be old, and preserved his fine fresh colour and his good humour until he was seventy-six years of age.

Brother Benedict, who was travelling about the country, predicting the inevitable damnation of all the purchasers of state property, was the most violent of all. This insolent

man dared to curse the Revolution, and from that time he would never accept anything from Dame Catherine, but when she offered him an alms as he passed by the tavern, he would shake his head and say:

"No, no, it is stolen goods!"

Maître Jean laughed.

Valentine, too, had become exceedingly bitter against my godfather, and he even had an idea of leaving our forge, but I kept him with us, by dint of patiently listening to him, without interrupting him, for hours together.

In this way, all the goods of the clergy were sold, and being chiefly bought by the peasants, the sale elevated them, who had been so degraded, above the working people of the towns, all the more as their lands were also discharged from all feudal exactions. Then cultivation began to prosper; under the monks the greater part of the land was covered with woods, or under water, or in pasturage, and the fields were chiefly fallow, for why should they trouble themselves to cultivate better?

There was always enough for the monks. While the poor country priests had hardly enough to exist upon, the monks and the capuchins rioted in abundance.

Wills, donations, pious foundations, contributions of all kinds, all made through the fear of hell, swelled the resources of the monasteries and convents, and as there was no division made at any individual's death, they remained common property. These people made much more by the cultivation of souls than by the cultivation of their land, which they neglected.

But, in our case, it was quite a different thing. When one has a wife and children, idleness does not do, so all was changed. The ponds were drained, the fields were ploughed, and sown, manure was collected, and the old routine was replaced by a superior system, and improvements are going on still; we have not come to a stop in France. The revolution in agriculture as in everything else is extending its blessings more and more widely throughout the world, by the aid of industry and good conduct.

But it is a melancholy truth that no good is ever done without encountering resistance, that all progress is impeded by a mass of fools.

In this year, 1790, the South rose up against the new laws. In that part of the country they took the monks for saints, and the poor people desired to remain in their degradation and ignorance. At Montauban, Montpellier, and Toulouse, the bishops said in their pastorals that "the priests ought not to take the pay of brigands." The protestants were massacred. What a misfortune! While the *emigrés* were endeavouring to excite Europe against us, internal division was beginning. Everyone recognised the danger, and understood that the clergy, by rousing the people in the name of religion, were lending the aristocrats the strength which they wanted to commence a civil war, especially as the nobles still retained their positions of command in our regiments. At this time Maître Jean would say when we were reading Chauvel's newspapers in the evening:

"What is the use of all these good laws?

What good does it do us to have sent back the Parisian troops if they are in good order forty leagues away, under the command of the marquises and counts, who are our enemies? What is to prevent their combining any day and marching upon the National Assembly, forcing it to dissolve, bringing back the *emigrés*, taking from us the lands we have bought, and putting the rope round our necks again? It is utterly contrary to good sense to leave those men in their commands; the nobles are the bitterest of our enemies. I would prefer to see Austrians at the head of our army."

CHAPTER XI.

IT would be impossible to give you an idea of the vile things which were written by the nobles and the bishops against the Third Estate; senseless calumnies which simply made honest men smile pityingly. These miserable newspapers published complaints from all quarters concerning the insubordination of the troops, and the relaxation of discipline, addressed to the National Assembly. In order to satisfy the noble officers, the Assembly ought to have shot the soldiers, because the soldiers refused to do violence to the Assembly! Nothing like it was ever known. The evil race were, like the flies in autumn, becoming more intolerable as their end was drawing near.

But, in spite of all, the Revolution was

marching on! The people put their trust in it. The abolition of the rights of the King, and the nobles, and the convents delighted every one.

On Sundays the peasants would come out and beat the fields and the hedges for game; it was a real pleasure to hear their guns popping on all sides, and to see a hare on the spit in the hut of the poorest of the poor, who might laugh in the face of the gamekeepers, and say to his children:

"We are eating the beggars who lived upon our toil. We are our own lords and masters now!"

As you may suppose, the officers of the garrison came no more to Tivoli, the time of minuets and posturing had passed away. In the tavern garden, under the great oak tree, there were now only to be seen a few sergeants in shabby white coats and worn hats, who emptied their glasses steadily, and talked grimly of certain accounts which they too had to settle. In those days we did not know what these accounts meant, but it was easy to divine by their expression, and their

earnest talk, as they put their heads together over the table, that the matter was a grave one.

Count Boyer, Colonel de la Fère, Chevalier Boirau, and several others were in the habit of meeting at the Café de la Regence, in the Place d'Armes. No doubt they also had certain accounts to settle! The formation of the citizen militia by which we were mingled with the troops, did not please them. They came and went under the elms, and reconnoitred from a distance such soldiers as were talking with the citizens.

Affairs dragged on thus, until the month of August. Day by day I wrote an account of all that was passing in the country, and at the end of each month I had a letter of six pages in length ready to send to Chauvel, No. 11, Rue du Bouloi, Paris. He answered quite regularly, and sent us the newspapers, and Marguerite always put in a word for me at the end of the letter, which filled me with joy.

I used to sit for hours in Chauvel's little room in the evenings, reading over and over

again the few lines she had written, and each time finding something new in them.

It was my great happiness to send her news of her little garden, where the flowers were growing in rich profusion up to the wall, and the trees were bending under the weight of innumerable cherries.

Ah, what would I have given to have brought her a basket of the large delicious cherries, and a big bunch of red roses, all wet with the morning dew! What joy it would have been to see her taste and smell them! When I thought of this, my solitude amid these sweet sights and scents made me wretched.

Thus my life went on, in the midst of the great movement of the world, of all these disputes, and of the dangers which were growing daily before our eyes.

Once we heard a rumour that the Austrians were entering France by Stenay, and that General Bouillé, commandant in the Ardennes, had withdrawn his troops to Charleville, to leave them a free passage.

This was a terrible business. Thirty thou-

sand of the National Guard took arms, and the mountaineers, who had not yet got guns, brought their pitchforks to us to have them made into pikes.

The drums beat to arms, and we were about to set out with the men of Phalsbourg, when we learned that our good King had granted permission to the Austrians to go through the Ardennes on their way to put down the Revolution in Belgium. A decree of the National Assembly only ought to have granted this privilege to foreigners.

We saw from this incident what would have happened if the citizens had not risen, and from thenceforth Maître Jean himself had less love for our good King. The King's permission granted to the Austrians, that they might go and crush a Revolution which was the outcome of our own, seemed suspicious to him, and indeed to every one.

The ministers declared that it had been done by a secret diplomatic treaty, and the National Assembly would not order an inquiry into the affair, lest they should learn more about it than they wished to know.

It was then the beginning of August, 1790, and everything was going from bad to worse for the nobles, for the most disgraceful occurrence that ever took place in France was the arrest of the officers by their own men on a charge of robbery. The regiments of Poitou, de Forez, Beauce, Normandy, and numbers of others placed sentinels over their officers, demanding their accounts.

What a shame and degradation! How were poor men cheated and robbed by those proud, rich nobles, who had enjoyed everything the world could give,—rank, honours, pensions, privileges! Who could have believed such a scandal? And yet it was the melancholy truth. Restitution then began. Beauce demanded 240,727 livres; Normandy and the sailors of Brest two millions, and their officers capitulated; they had made out their accounts. At Strasbourg seven regiments were in full mutiny; at Bitche the soldiers thrust their officers out of barracks, and the National Assembly petitioned the king "to name inspectors extraordinary among the generals, so that they might proceed to verify

the accounts and inquire into the grievances of each regiment during the last six years, in the presence of the commanders of each corps, of the second captain, of the first lieutenant, the first sub-lieutenant, the first and last sergeant-major, or quarter-master, the first and last corporal or brigadier, and four private soldiers." The inquiry took place, with this disgraceful result, that the various staffs were forced to refund two or three hundred thousand livres which had been stolen off the allowance of soup and vegetables supplied to the poor soldiers. Then, indeed, the country was irreconcilably disgusted, and people said:

"It was time the Revolution should come."

The rage of the officers against the poor devils who had demanded their rights is indescribable. Now set in a staff emigration, they passed over to the Austrians with arms and baggage. Not all of them, for among those unworthy nobles there were still some honest men; but a great number, whose names I could tell you, for my old newspapers are full of their base desertion. All

Alsace and Lorraine spoke of them with horror. In the time to come we were destined to learn the cruelty of those men, who, actually taken with their hands in the money-bag, thought of being revenged upon those who had exposed them, instead of imploring pardon on their knees.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT the 15th of August, a travelling crockery vendor from Lunéville, who exchanged his plates and dishes for old linen, cinders, and broken glass, passed through Bafaques with his cart. He stopped at the "Three Pigeons," to see whether Dame Catherine had anything to barter, and, to drink a measure of wine, as usual. His name was Sondeur, and he was a little grey old man, much marked with small-pox, and a well-known newsmonger, like all the pedlar tribe. They called him in our country "The Frog Frightener," because in his village all the men were obliged to beat the pond at Lindre by turns during the night, to hinder the croaking of the frogs from disturbing the sleep of

their lord. Maître Jean asked him if he had heard anything new, and he, being impatient to begin, told her that there was a great deal of disturbance about Nancy; that the three regiments of the garrison had quarrelled with their officers, and that the worst quarrel was between the officers and men of Château Vieux. Old Sondeur winked while he told us these things. A few minutes afterwards Nicole, who had been spinning beside the stove, went out of the room, and then he added that the officers were angry because the soldiers were asking for regimental accounts, and that they had already been obliged to refund to those of the *Règiment du Roi* 150,000 livres in crowns, to those of *Mestre du Camp* 47,962 livres, and that the men of *Château Vieux* demanded 229,208. The soldiers who had been sent as deputies to the officers had been flogged, for it is much easier to beat men than to pay them, or account to them; but this proceeding had caused great disturbance in the town; the National Guards sided with the men, and the fencing-masters, incited by the officers, were

provoking the citizens to fight duels with them, and the affair was growing very serious.

He laughed, but we did not feel inclined to laugh, for we were only ten leagues from the frontier, and in danger of being invaded any day, especially as Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Leopold, Emperor of Austria, had just made peace, with a declaration that the revolutionists of France were their real enemies.

At last, having bartered his crockery, talked his fill, and paid his reckoning, old Sondeur went his way up the village street, crying:

"Crockery and old linen to change!"

The next event was also grave, and surprised us unpleasantly, by proving to us that not only Louis XVI. and the *émigrés*, the officers and the monks were of one mind, but that a great number of our own deputies were establishing an understanding with them, like thieves at a fair, in order to check the revolution, and reduce us again to servitude. Chauvel told us all about this in a letter which I deeply regret to have lost, for it fully

explained the history of this time; but, as usual, Maître Jean having lent it to everybody, no one knew what had become of it. I remember that Chauvel told us in it that Mirabeau and several other deputies had sold themselves to the Court. These unhappy men had found the Revolution too great for them; they were alarmed when they found it spreading so far, and then one wanted to be first minister, another to have châteaux, forests, carriages, and servants. Even Lafayette and Bailly began to turn their backs on us; they pitied the king for having been forced to restore those rights to the people, and to content himself with having forty millions a-year, instead of being able to say: "All this is mine; the land, the men, and the beasts."

I remember also that Chauvel told us of certain new men who had made their appearance at the clubs, and who were growing in importance every day: Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Petion, Brissot, Loustalot, Desmoulins. But all these men died poor and miserable, or they were guillotined, one after the

other, after having served the people, who abandoned them all. Instead of which the servants of the nobles and clergy lived long and comfortably, filled high positions, and died in good beds, surrounded by their servants, with absolution for all they had done. If the Supreme Being did not exist, such examples would be very discouraging, and those who sacrifice themselves for the people who allow them, even after their death, to be dragged in the dirt, and vilified by the enemies of the people, could only be regarded as utter fools.

Chauvel's letter surprised us, and I saw that Maître Jean was not pleased. He said one ought not to ask too much all at once. I had other ideas, and I did not think Chauvel asked too much. I quite understood that Maitre Jean, and the other citizens, who had snapped up their mouthful, should wish to take breath, but we, the men of the people, had not yet gotten anything, and we wanted to have our share in the Revolution.

We were disputing over this letter, and Létumier had taken it to read at the club,

when, on reaching the market-place, on Thursday evening, the 29th, we saw three great placards posted on the central pillar. The four or five old Phalsbourgers of my time, who are still alive, may remember that between this massive pillar which supported the great beams of the roof, and the old gabelle office, hung an antique lantern around which the bats were perpetually flying. The townspeople had unhooked this lantern, and were leaning over one another to read the placards by its light. The last comers from Baraques could not get near, but Létumier made his way by poking his sharp elbows into everybody's ribs, and began to read the notices aloud, in his tremendous voice, which pierced our ears:

"*Letter from M. de Lafayette to the National Guards of the departments of the Meurthe and the Moselle.*

"Paris, August 17, 1790.

"GENTLEMEN,

"The National Assembly, having been

informed of the culpable conduct of the garrison of Nancy, and foreseeing the fatal consequences of such excesses, has taken, in order to repress them, the measures contained in the decree which I have the honour to send you; that you may provide for the execution of such orders as you may receive.

"Permit me, Gentlemen, as that one of your brothers in arms whom you have charged to express, in the Assembly, your devotion to the Constitution, and to public order, to recommend this opportunity to your zeal and firmness, as a most important one, for the consolidation of liberty which is founded upon respect for law, and for bringing about general tranquillity.

"LAFAYETTE."

It was terrible to hear this. A few days before, we should all have marched; but Chauvel's letter had represented Lafayette as a weak being, full of vanity; and now he summoned us to fight against

patriot soldiers. This filled us all with indignation. The men from Baraques exclaimed:

"This is detestable; the soldiers were perfectly right to demand their money; the soldiers are our brothers, our friends, and our children, and we will side with them against their noble officers who want to rob them."

The excitement spread, for we were honest people, who did not understand this manner of paying debts. Létumier waved his hat to keep silence, and shouted:

"Wait, wait, until I read you the rest. Silence! Listen to the decree of the National Assembly!"

"It is ordered that a military force shall be assembled, selected from the garrisons and the national guards of the department of the Meurthe and the neighbouring departments, to act under the orders of a general officer, whom his Majesty will be pleased to appoint, for the repression of the authors of the rebellion."

Then came a final order of the Directory of the Meurthe, at Nancy.

"Regard being had to the requisition bearing this day's date, addressed to the Directory of the department of the Meurthe, by M. de Bouillé, commandant-general of his Majesty's troops in the former province of Trois Evéchés, and charged by his Majesty with the execution of the decree of the National Assembly of the 16th instant, the municipal officers of every place in the department of the Meurthe where armed national guards are stationed, shall at once require the commandants of the said national guards to assemble as many as possible of these national guards, and to form a muster-roll, which shall be immediately sent to the municipal officers.

"According to this muster-roll, the municipal officers shall transmit to the commandants of the said volunteers a sum proper for their subsistence during eight days, on the scale of twenty-four sous, current coinage, per man. Each volunteer shall be provided with twenty

cartridges, at least; those who have none may be furnished with them at Nancy. There shall be only one pair of colours for each district. The national guards shall be lodged upon their march as in the case of the regular troops, and no citizen shall have the right to refuse such lodging. The march shall be as rapid as possible, &c., &c., &c."

The crowd of citizens listened in profound silence. Létumier had barely finished, when the administrator of the district, Matheis, of Sarrebourg, a big man, with a pimply face, and a tri-colour scarf round his middle, climbed up on the counter of the old *gabelle* booth, where addresses were ordinarily delivered to the people, and called on the patriots to enrol themselves. He repeated word for word the letter of Lafayette, whom he called "the friend of Washington, and the saviour of liberty."

Several voices cried; "Long live the King! Long live Lafayette!" and Matheis was smiling and happy, when Elof Collin, from

the centre of the market-place, made answer to him that the duty of the national guards was not to fight our soldiers, but to support them against their enemies; that instead of attacking the revolted regiments we should do better to see that they were paid what they justly demanded; that only in this manner would the revolt be put down, and good order restored.

He went on to say that our enemies wished to provoke war between the soldiers and the citizens, so that they might master us once more, and that he, Collin, entreated all sensible men not to meddle in this matter, but to let the noble officers arrange all their mangy concerns for themselves: they were no affair of the nation.

Then innumerable voices were raised, for and against. All the purchasers of the national property, Jean Leroux, Nicholas Roche, Louis Masson, in short, almost all the notables and citizens of Phalsbourg and the environs, sided with Lafayette. They had great

influence, because they gave employment to a large number of workmen of all kinds.

Their municipal council had already decided that the city of Phalsbourg should subscribe a thousand francs towards the fund for the volunteers; that decision had been taken in the morning, before the club met, and in spite of all Elof Collin could say, it was now resolved that a detachment of volunteers should set out the next day, without fail, that such a village should furnish so many men, and such another so many, and so on. Baraques was to send fifteen volunteers, and Jean Leroux, Létumier, and I, were to be among them, of course, as the best patriots of them all.

Maître Jean thought all this was strictly just. I believe also that he was not sorry to play at soldiering a little, and to show off his fine uniform at Nancy, for his good sense and his good heart did not prevent his being very vain.

Létumier, Jean Rat, and I, discussed

these things all the way home, and then parted, having agreed to meet next morning at daybreak at the tavern of the "Three Pigeons."

CHAPTER XIII.

AT six o'clock we were assembled on the Place d'Armes. We mustered one hundred and fifty men. I and my comrades had taken a good glass of wine at Maître Jean's tavern, and eaten some bread, besides which we had put some in our pockets for the road. The others had done likewise, and were coming up rapidly, when the drum began to beat. The last four or five were in their ranks, and then the commandant came and inspected us; and gave cartridge pouches to all who had not them already, and to each man twenty-five cartridges.

Then Gérard, the commandant of the citizen guard, mounted his horse, and harangued us on the duties of the soldier-citizen. When he had done, he raised his sword, and the

drums beat again. No more volunteers having presented themselves, we marched out by the gate of France, in the midst of loud cries of "Long live the King!" "Long live the nation!" which resounded from all the windows. Several children followed us as far as Petit Saint Jean, but after that we continued our march, by ourselves, in the midst of the dust.

The 30th and 31st August, 1790, were the two hottest days I can remember. The red sun beating on our necks stupefied us, and the dust choked us. It was our first military march, and when men are walking by troops, it is quite a different thing from walking alone. Now one must step quickly, and anon slowly, which is very fatiguing; and the dust which one is constantly swallowing dries up one's mouth.

In spite of all this, we reached Sarrebourg at eleven o'clock. Not one of the citizens had started yet, and they were much surprised to see us. We halted for refreshment, and then went on in double-quick time to Blamont, which we reached at seven o'clock in the evening.

During the route Maître Jean repented more than once of having put on his fine uniform instead of a blouse; and poor Jean Rat, his big drum slung over his shoulder, and his head down, went along with his tongue out, as if he were dragging old Sondeur's cart. As for me, I got on bravely, though the sweat was running down my back, and I had to take off my gaiters to let a little air get at my legs, but I bore the march easily, and so did the other village lads.

The young men from the town were much relieved at meeting some vehicles going to Blamont, on which they were permitted to pack themselves for a few sous, and Jean Rat was delighted to hang up his big drum behind one of them.

However, we arrived at Blamont, where Commandant Gérard and Captain Leffrenez were lodged at the mayor's house, Maitre Jean and Létumier at a municipal officer's, while Jean Rat, Grillot, and I, had our billet at a wine shop, kept by a good patriot, who made us sup at his own table, and told us that their commandant, M. Fromental, had

set out two days previously with the volunteers from Blamont and Herbéville; that they were almost all without muskets, but were to be provided with them at Nancy.

He gave us good Toul wine to drink, and, as we had to start before day-break, in order to take advantage of the coolness of the morning, he took us to our rooms immediately after supper. There we found two very good beds, one of which was occupied by Jean Rat and Grillot, while I slept in the other alone and so soundly that they had to shake me when it was time to get up, before they could wake me, and Jean Rat was already beating his drum in the dark street. At four o'clock we were on our way, and it was well for us, for when the sun rose behind us we had only to look at the colour of the sky to know that we should be scorched on our road to Lunéville. At nine o'clock we marched in, in close order, heads erect, carrying arms, and the drum at our head. Every one was glad to see us, and the cries of "Long live the Nation!" began again. The children ran after us, and the women looked at us with smiles,

from their windows. These people of Lunéville were always good patriots, for which we may thank the garrison. We halted in a small square place, bordered by thick trees, and, having piled our arms, Maître Jean, Létumier, and I, went into a large tavern at the corner. We had an hour to rest, to our great delight.

"Well," said Maître Jean, "we are getting on!"

"Yes, but we shall be put to the pull of our collar between this and Nancy," said Létumier.

"Bah, we have got over the worst of it now," rejoined Maître Jean, "never mind, so long as we arrive there, and put in our word."

The square and the adjoining streets were swarming with people; citizens, soldiers, all sorts, men and women, coming and going, and many of them stopped to look at us. I never had seen such a crowd before. In the tavern it was dense. There were tall red carabineers smoking and drinking, with their long legs stretched out under the tables. Every one was laughing, and we heard them

all saying that peace had been made, that *Mestre du Camp, Chateau Vieux*, and the *Régiment du Roi*, had been subdued, that all was right again, and that no accounts would be settled, *except with the ringleaders.* It seemed that this good news had just arrived, for there were shouts outside of "Long live the King!" The Carabineers, giants from Alsace, were laughing, twirling their moustaches, and swallowing pots of beer, saying, the while :

"It is well for them that they have agreed to agree!"

The pleasure which every one evidently felt shewed how much the people would have regretted it, if we had been forced to fight; and as for us, we were very naturally well pleased at not being obliged to come to blows.

The commandant, Gérard, had gone to see the mayor of the town, M. Drouin; and as the news of the peace spread more and more widely, we did not hurry ourselves, but remained where we were until ten o'clock. Then the mayor and the municipality came to see us in the square, while the drums beat and

the ranks were re-formed. The commandant mounted his horse and saluted these gentlemen, and then we set off again, well content to know that we should arrive at Nancy rather for a federation than for a battle.

Towards four o'clock, we began to discern two lofty grey towers, and some old buildings on the horizon. I thought: "Can this really be Nancy already?" but I did not venture to believe it. It was Saint Nicholas. We were continuing to approach slowly, in the midst of the dust, when two sullen booming sounds broke the silence of the plain on our right. We all stopped, looking and listening. There was deep silence for some time, and then a second and a third shot was heard, and the commandant standing up in his stirrups, shouted:

"It is cannon! The battle has begun! Forward!"

Then, in spite of our fatigue, and the disappointment of finding that the good news we had heard at Lunéville was false, we resumed our quick march; but, by degrees, our line began to widen; three-fourths of the men

were unable to keep up; and when, on reaching the first houses of Saint Nicholas, we looked back, we saw the road dotted with stragglers, and had to halt and wait for the nearest.

This is the result of beginning by forced marches, as I have since frequently seen, in Germany: all the conscripts are scattered along the way, and it is well for them when they are not gathered up by cavalry. At last, the drums having come up, we marched into the old town of Saint Nicholas, which abounded in the sign-boards of weavers, drapers, and hatters, hanging outside, as if it were a perpetual fair. All is changed since then; but at that time the golden arm of Saint Nicholas attracted great numbers of pilgrims; and that lasted up to the day on which the Republic sent the golden arm, the bells, and the ciborium, to be melted down at the mint at Metz.

We were in a sorry plight!

The High Street was swarming with people; the shopmen and the weavers were running down the staircases in alarm; the women

were rushing into the houses, dragging their children with them. In the old cathedral square, we were halted in the midst of a crowd of citizens, workmen, and disbanded National Guards, whom the municipality of Nancy had dismissed before the attack, because they sided with the troops. Never was there such confusion. These angry men related how, when they had hardly left the town to return to their homes, believing that all was settled, the attack of the Germans on the new gate had commenced. One of their captains, a thin old man, with a flat nose and a pock-marked face, saluted our commandant, and putting his hand on his horse's neck, said to him :

"Commandant, you are going to Nancy, I understand? Do not go there. The military authority and the municipality instruct the Citizen Guard; they consider us mere rabble! You will find yourselves in a trap!"

He was foaming with anger!

"Captain," replied the commandant, "my men and I know nothing but our duty."

"Very well," said the old man, "go

there; remember I warned you, but do as you please!"

As fully half our number had not yet come up, the commandant ordered us to fall out, while we waited for them. Thus, each of us had time to drink a glass of wine.

Many persons had gone up into the belfry of the Cathedral, with field glasses, and as they came down, they called out to us, in passing:

"The affair is at Saint Pierre!" or, "The smoke is over Stainville gate!"

At the end of half-an-hour all the stragglers had come in; so we set off again for Nancy and soon came within hearing of the firing, which became terrible towards six o'clock; when we came within sight of the town, we met the first bands of fugitives making their escape. What wretched creatures they were! They were in blouses, shirtless, shoeless, and hatless; types of the poverty, the extreme wretchedness, of the towns in those days! Numerous groups of these unfortunates were taking to the fields; and some upon whom we came, sitting by the roadside, were

wounded; the legs of one, the chest of another, were covered with blood, and they looked at us, silently, with their large clear eyes. I think they either did not see us, or they took us for enemies.

At the very moment when we met these poor creatures, the musket shots, which we had at first heard on our right only, burst out from every part of the town, and it was then, as we afterwards learned, that the soldiers of Château Vieux and the people attacked each other. This was the beginning of the massacre.

As we were advancing through a long street of very high houses, which were closed from top to bottom, we saw a number of people rushing towards us, driven before five or six hussars, who were mercilessly cutting them down. Their sabres rose and fell, and the victims shrieked. Their cries made our blood run cold, they were so horrible!

These people would have had nothing to do but to turn upon the ruffians who were pursuing them, seize them by their boots, hurl them to the earth, and crush them like

cats. Instead of that, they allowed themselves to be massacred! Such is the stupidity which comes of fear!

The commandant ordered us to take the left of the street, so as to let the people pass, and then he halted us. Maître Jean, Létumier, and the other officers, drew their swords, and ordered us to charge. So each of us bit his first cartridge.

The crowd came on, and passed before our line, like a flock of sheep pursued by wolves, and then the hussars, seeing our bayonets glittered, pulled up, and retreated. No doubt they thought we were going to fire at their backs, for they disappeared down the first lane they came to. In a moment the wide street was empty, for the fugitives had hidden themselves, with the exception of those who lay prone, their faces against the ground. Once again we heard the overpowering noise in the city, the firing, and the ringing of an alarm bell, which tolled all the time of the massacre. My God! how awful it is to remember these things, and to reflect that the poor are always victims, always exter-

minated, even when they demand bare justice!

Immediately after this, our commandant ordered us to march on again. We were nearing the square grey gate of St. Nicholas, when cries of *Verdà* informed us that the Germans were masters of Nancy.

M. de Bouillé had brought hardly any other troops with him. The French would have stopped too soon. He required to make a terrible example. The old grey moustaches of our commandant quivered with anger. He advanced alone to the gate, and cried—

"France!—the citizen guard of Phalsbourg!"

Some moments after, a picket of Germans in blue coats, such as are now worn by our *Invalides*, advanced towards us, with their officers, to reconnoitre us. They seemed distrustful of us, for we had to wait a long time with grounded arms before we received our orders.

We were overwhelmed with fatigue after our two forced marches, and yet it was nine o'clock before a lieutenant came to direct

us to advance, and relieve the Germans at their post.

There were about fifteen in the guard-house. The rascals were delighted to yield their place to us, that they might go and join their comrades in pillaging the town. We passed the night under Saint Nicholas' gate, stretched on the ground, beside the wall. We slept well, side by side; the gate was blocked up by two pieces of cannon, and the pavement had also been torn up, and made into a barricade. The sentinels were changed every hour. I cannot remember anything more, for I was quite exhausted, and it was well for me that my turn as sentinel did not come until the morning. It comes back to me like a dream that I was awakened two or three times by our patrols, coming in with prisoners, whom they pushed into the guard-room, and then shut the door upon them, notwithstanding the cries of the poor wretches who had not room to breathe. But all this is only like a dream! And yet, what would you have? When sleep has fairly taken hold of a man, he sees and hears nothing. I know

that on that night hundreds of innocent and unfortunate creatures were massacred, and that the inhuman hatred of the nobles towards the people was exhibited in its utmost fury, but I cannot tell you any of the details, because I did not witness them myself.

The next day, however—the 1st September, 1790, it was a different thing. I was up at dawn, and what I witnessed that day still remains, through all these years, before my eyes.

At four o'clock the drum roused us, and then came the roll-call. Several of our comrades had arrived during the night, so that we mustered a hundred and thirty, without counting those who were on guard in the environs.

After the roll-call, the commandant said to us:

"Comrades, you are going to escort the prisoners to the town prison."

At that moment up came two large carts, filled with straw, and we began to bring the prisoners out of the guard-room. There came

out so many that I could hardly believe my eyes,—men, women, soldiers, common people, citizens,—so many that the street was full of them;—and so pale and wretched-looking that it made our hearts ache to see them. Several of them were covered with blood, and could not walk, but had to be carried. When they were brought into the air they struggled as if they had been suffocating, and asked for water, which was given them out of a bucket. Then they were lifted into the carts. This business lasted twenty minutes, and then we set forward, the carts with the wounded in front, and the other prisoners behind, two by two, between us.

I have seen several such convoys since, and much larger ones; many a time I have seen thirty and forty waggons-full of wounded in a long line. But this was the first, and it filled me with an eternal horror. One must be buried in the earth, before such revolting sights can be forgotten. In after days, there were wounded men brought in carts to our ambulances on the evenings of our great battles, or aristocrats carried in tumbrels to

the guillotine; but this time, they were sons of the people and soldiers, who were being led away to the gallows; for, not satisfied with having exterminated three thousand unhappy wretches, four hundred of whom were women and children, Bouillé had forty-eight soldiers of the Château Vieux regiment hanged that day. One was broken alive on the wheel, notwithstanding the abolition of torture decreed by the National Assembly, and forty-one were sent to the King's galleys.

We were already on our way back to Phalsbourg, when the report of these deeds was noised abroad everywhere.

The massacres of September and the executions of '93 have been vehemently condemned, and justly so, for they were vile and unnatural. But the nobles began it! It was a great misfortune! When people want to have mercy shown to them and theirs, they ought to be able to prove that they have shown mercy to others, and have not been cruel in the hour of victory.

The line of prisoners marched between our two rows of bayonets. We proceeded in the

midst of a dead silence, for all the houses were closely shut, except such as had been pillaged, and whose doors and windows hung in fragments. Maître Jean commanded us, and, by two or three looks which he gave me, I could see with what horror he regarded our task, and what pity he felt for the wretched prisoners. But what could we do? Bouillé was the master; there was nothing for it but obedience.

The poor creatures whom we were escorting, some without coats, some without shirts, their heads bound up, and their arms in slings, looked straight before them, with troubled eyes, and sometimes they sighed. Ah, those sighs! they are the sounds which men utter involuntarily, in the terror and anguish of knowing that they are taken, that they have no resource, and that they leave an old mother, or a young wife and children, who must perish in want and neglect. And those who hear them, understand, and, if it were possible, would let the prisoners go, with all their hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

AS you may suppose, I was not looking about me at the streets we passed through, all the less that we frequently came upon soldiers, and other poor wretches, men and women, who were lying across our path in great pools of blood. We were obliged to tread on them, and it made us all shudder. Some of the prisoners, the bravest among them, turned their heads with half closed eyes as they passed, and saluted the corpse of a comrade.

In a small square we saw some horses, with their bridles loosened, eating hay off the ground, and Lauzun's hussars sleeping about on bundles of straw.

This is all I remember on our road, except-

ing the large Town Hall, the officers going and coming under a magnificent doorway, and the estafettes below, waiting orders. Two battalions from Liége were bivouacked in the square. The sky was clear, and the stars were still shining.

As we were passing under a kind of triumphal arch, some one called out "*Ver dà!*" It was a mounted sentinel, posted before the prison, which was surrounded by ditches.

The major, who followed us with the municipal officers, went forward at once, and gave the password, and we went on to another square, surrounded on three sides by trees.

The carts stopped before a kind of hospital, with iron bars before the windows, and while they were being driven under the archway, I had time to discover that this prison was guarded by a detachment of the Royal Allemand.

Imagine my distress at knowing that Nicholas was at Nancy. I remembered his letter, and the idea occurred to me that

perhaps he had been hacking the people here to pieces as he had done in Paris, for the love of discipline, and I earnestly hoped I might not meet him. But, as we were removing the wounded men from the carts, I thought that he too might be badly hurt, and that softened me; we were brothers, he had always taken my part in the old times, and then when my father and mother should come to learn that we had been so near without embracing, or even bidding one another good day, they could not fail to be greatly grieved.

Then I forgot all the rest, and I addressed the first sentry I met, asking him if he did not know Nicholas Bastien, brigadier in the third squadron of the Royal Allemand. This man, learning that I was Nicholas Bastien's brother, told me that he knew him very well, and that I had only to go down the little street opposite, where the Royal Allemand was quartered, and any of the squadron would find him for me. Maître Jean was not pleased to hear that I wished to go and see Nicholas.

"What a misfortune for us it is to have been mixed up with such brigands," he said, "every one will believe now that the citizen guard has supported the Germans against the patriots, and they will proclaim it in all their newspapers. What a misfortune."

He did not, however, forbid me to go and see my brother, he only warned me to make haste, because we were not to remain long at Nancy, every one had had quite enough of it.

I went off immediately, my musket on my shoulder, to the new gate. If I were to tell you all the horrors of the massacre in that quarter of the town, you would not believe me.

No, they were not men. Only wild beasts could have been capable of such destruction and cruelty. The people and the Swiss must have defended themselves bravely, in these corners, for everything was torn up, smashed, and full of balls. Heaps of bricks and tiles filled the streets, just as if there had been a fire, the mattresses which had been thrown down for the wounded were trodden under

foot, and full of blood, and several horses were lying about, writhing with pain.

As I passed by some of the half-demolished houses, I heard terrible cries; they were uttered by some poor Swiss who had hidden there after the battle, and who were being pitilessly massacred, for Bouillé had ordered his Germans to kill the Chateau Vieux regiment to the last man.

Oh, these wretches! capable of such crimes, may they be accursed. Yes, may they be accursed, and may God avenge their wretched victims!

Thinking of these things, I was almost beside myself with indignation. As I turned into a wider street, I saw a great heap of paving-stones, and behind them the new gate, all battered with balls, and a long line of carts on which dead bodies had been flung, like the rubbish into a dust-bin, men, women, and, I must say it, since it is true, poor little children.

Some people were clearing away the paving-stones, in order to have the dead brought out for burial. Hussars were superintending the

work, with screaming women standing by, for they wanted to look upon their loved ones again.

But the weather was hot, and no delay was permitted. All along the street, some of the Royal Allemand, billeted on the citizens, were looking out of the windows, while others stood about the carts, ready to assist the hussars, if the people meddled with them, for the crowd was great.

An old woman, whom the neighbours were dragging away by force, was crying out:

"I wish you would kill me also! Let these brigands kill me, since they have killed my boy! Let me go, you are all brigands!"

My heart grew sick, I repented of having come thither. I was going away, when I caught sight of Jerome from Quatre Vents with his scar, among those who were standing by the carts. He was still quartermaster, and he was laughing and smoking his pipe.

I knew this fellow, and therefore I did not

speak to him, but another man, whom I asked to show me the lodging of Brigadier Bastien, pointed to the windows of a tavern opposite, and there I saw Nicholas, whom I recognised, notwithstanding his uniform. He also was smoking, and looking calmly on at this terrible spectacle, but I was glad to see my brother, nevertheless. One cannot help that, it is natural; but I knew that he and I could never understand one another.

I stood in the street, under his window, and called out "Nicholas!" and he ran downstairs, and began to shout:

"What, you, too, have come from Phalsbourg? That's right; how glad I am to see you!"

I could see by his eyes that he really was glad.

We went up the stairs arm in arm, and when we reached the landing, he pushed open the door of a large room in which five or six Royal Allemands were seated round a table, drinking, and three or four others were looking out of the windows, and cried out, joyously:

"Look here, you fellows, what do you say to *him!* This is my brother. What shoulders!"

He tried to upset me by shaking me with both hands, and the others laughed. I was very well pleased.

The Royal Allemands seemed to be good fellows. Their fur caps and sabres were hanging against the wall. They called for drink for me. Nicholas kept on saying:

"Ah, if you had only been here yesterday! You should have been here yesterday, at five; we would have shown you a dance: how we did cut them up!"

Then he whispered to me that the quartermaster of his company had been killed, and that the captain, Mendel, would not hear of any one but Nicholas Bastien as his successor, in consequence of his bravery—in cutting them up!

You may imagine how this disgusted me, after the horrors I had just witnessed, but, before the others I could not say anything, so I looked pleased.

A few minutes after, the trumpets called to

stables, and every one rose and took his hat and sword down from the wall. Nicholas was going down, when one of his comrades told him to remain, that he would tell the officer why he had not come, and do his stable work for him. Thereupon he sat down again, and it was only then, when the others were gone, that he remembered his parents, and said:

"The old people are well, I suppose?"

I told him that all at home were well, our father and mother, Mathurine, Claude and little Stephen; and that I was now earning thirty livres a month, and did not let them want for anything. He was delighted to hear this, and shook me by the hand, saying:

"Michel, you are a good boy! You must never let the poor old people want for anything. I should have gone to see them, yes, I should have gone to see them, but when I remembered the beans and the lentils, and that nest of vermin where we had suffered so much misery, I could not stand it. A Royal Allemand must keep his place. You earn

more than I do, it is true, but it makes such a difference to wear a sword by one's side and to serve the King! One must have self-respect. And those poor old creatures, with their ragged clothes—you understand, Michel, that sort of thing does not do for a brigadier."

"Yes, yes, I understand," I replied, quietly. "But at present they are not so ragged. I have paid Robin's debt, my father has no corvées to supply; my mother has two goats which give butter and milk, Mathurine works by the day at Maître Jean's, and keeps the accounts, little Stephen knows how to read, I taught him myself in the evenings. The old hut is in much better plight, I have had the roof repaired, and the ladder replaced by a wooden staircase. The ceiling is new, and we have two beds, and four pairs of sheets, in place of our old boxes full of leaves; Régal, the glazier from Phalsbourg, has put in the windowpanes which have been wanting these twenty years, and Kromer, the mason, has put two stone steps down before the door."

"Ah, then," said Nicholas, "since everything is in decent order, and there is something to eat, I may come, and I will come to see the poor old people. I will ask for a week's leave, as you may tell them, Michel."

He had a good heart, but not a particle of good sense; he admired nothing but epaulets, swords, coats, and cannon balls. At present we have very few of such narrow-minded beings; education is extending more and more among the people; but in those days such specimens were very frequent on account of the ignorance in which the nobles and the monks had kept us, that they might make us work and shear us like sheep, at their pleasure.

When I spoke to him about the massacre, he listened to me with his elbows on the table and smoking his pipe, and then said, as he blew a cloud of smoke into the air:

"Bah, bah! all that is politics. You don't know anything about politics at Baraques."

"Politics!" said I. "Why the poor Swiss were only demanding their money."

"Money!" said he, shrugging his shoul-

ders. "Nonsense! Did not Mestre du Camp get their pay? Did not the commune give three louis to each man in the Régiment du Roi to make them go back into the barracks before the battle? These Swiss are rascals, they are siding with the patriots! We have massacred them just because they held up the butts of their guns instead of firing upon the rabble at the attack on the Bastille—Do you understand, Michel?"

I was all astonishment at what he told me. He went on:

"And this is only the beginning. The King must have his rights again. The babblers of the National Assembly must be dealt with. Make your mind easy, Michel, General Bouillé is laying his plans; one of these fine days we will march upon Paris, and then you shall see!"

He laughed, and showed his teeth under his moustaches. The courage and the joy of a brute in pursuit of tempting prey, which he is just about to clutch, were depicted in his face.

I was disgusted. I said to myself, "Is it

possible that such an animal as this can be my brother?" But, to talk reason to him, to try to get a ray of good sense into his head, was useless. He would not have understood anything I said, and would probably have been angry with me. Therefore I thought it better to go away.

"I must go, Nicholas," said I, "the detachment starts for Phalsbourg at half-past eight."

"You are going?"

"Yes. Good bye."

"But I thought you would breakfast with us. My comrades are coming back. General Bouillé made us a present of twelve livres each."

He tapped his pocket complacently.

"No, I cannot possibly stay. The service above all, you know, it would never do to be absent from the muster-roll."

He understood that reason better than any other, and I took up my musket and went down to the street.

"Well, then," said he, "since it must be so, good bye, Michel."

We embraced, and we were both affected.

"You will not forget to tell the old people that I shall be a quarter-master soon?"

"No."

"And that I will come to see them, with my stripes on my arm."

"Be satisfied. I will tell them everything."

I went away, saying to myself: "The poor devil is not a bad fellow, only he would cut us to pieces for the love of discipline."

I reached the Porte Saint Nicholas just in time for the muster.

"Well," said Maître Jean, "have you seen him?"

"Yes, Maître Jean."

He saw in my face what I thought, and from henceforth Nicholas was never mentioned between us.

I had hardly time to buy some bread and sausage for my breakfast, for I had only drank wine while I was with Nicholas, before our detachment began the return march to Phalsbourg.

Our sadness was greatly increased on our

journey by the spectacle of those cowards who always range themselves on the side of strength, shouting "victory," and putting on joyful countenances to salute the *masters*, arranging speeches in which they talk of order, justice, severity, in the cause of the maintenance of law, devotion to the defenders of authority, &c., &c. All which comes exactly to this: "We are with you, because you are the stronger, and we would have been the first to crush you if you had been the weaker."

All along our road we meet people of this sort, with fat cowardly faces, and large stomachs squeezed in with their scarfs, great lumbering fellows who shouted "Long live the King! Long live General Bouillé! Long live Royal Allemand," until their throats were sore.

At one village the people, their mayor at their head, wanted to make us a set complimentary speech; but the Commandant Gerard, who saw what they were about, cried out:

"Make way, there! Make way there, I say!"

And we passed them by, while they were saluting us, and looked back at them over our shoulders with contempt. What a pity it is people of this kind are not always treated after the same fashion! They would, perhaps, learn with what esteem their speeches are regarded; and if they could not be taught self-respect, they must at least respect the grief of honest people.

CHAPTER XV.

AT Lunéville the municipal authority had been very firm, but that did not prevent a great deal of general uneasiness, when we arrived at about two o'clock.

As the citizen guard belonging to the town had not yet returned, we were stopped at all the gates for news, especially by the women, who had sons and husbands at Nancy. We could hardly get past them. On the market place, the crowd were anxious, and we did not know how to answer them all, when all of a sudden some one cried out:

"There is Maître Jean and Michel Bastien. Ha! ha! Baraques is distinguishing itself!"

This was George Mouton, the son of our

former alderman, the landlord of the *Mouton d'Or*, on the market place at Phalsbourg, a tall fellow, twenty years old, strong, square built, good humoured, who has made his way in the world since then.

We bought our white bread from his father, who was a baker also; and many a time Maître Jean and he had gone to Alsace together, to buy their wine at Barr. We felt quite at home, when we saw young Mouton, who carried us off with him to dine at the tavern of the Two Carps.

"What are you doing at Lunéville, George?" asked Maître Jean.

"I, Maître Jean? Why, I am a grocer's man," he answered, laughing. "I sell sugar and spices for the benefit of another, until I can make out a shop for myself."

"And a capital trade it is," said Maître Jean, "your father has done well to send you to learn the grocery business. That is a stock which never lies on hand; every one is always wanting pepper, sugar, ginger, oil, and candles, and if you only know how to

buy to advantage, you need not fear for the sale."

Mouton went on before us, to a small tavern, where wine, brandy, and beer are drank at the counter; people were coming and going, and a few strangers were eating fried stuff and bread at a table. Mouton wanted us to let him treat us to an omelette with bacon, and a bottle of Toul wine, but Maître Jean, as the oldest man of the company, would not permit that; he paid for everything, and even ordered coffee.

Of course we talked of the business at Nancy, and Mouton was greatly excited:

"How unfortunate that I was not there!" he exclaimed, "my employer is sergeant-major of his company, and he is full of ambition, so that he made me stay and mind the shop, while he went off to play the hero beyond there. If I had even come in for a trifling wound, I should be consoled a little, but I know him, he has come home all safe, and I am sure he hid himself behind the others, and shouted "Forward!"

"You need not fret," said Maître Jean,

"you would have seen nothing but the rascality of the nobles."

"So much the better, I have always detested these 'cadets' who bar our advancement in the army, and force us into grocers' shops as a hopeful future. I should have learned to hate them all the more, and that would have done me good."

When Maître Jean expressed his fear of the effects of the massacre on the cause of Liberty, Mouton said:

"Ah! bah! all this is the end of the comedy. If these aristocrats had not gone too fast; they might have drawn their pensions out of the coffers of the State for ten, fifteen, or twenty years to come; but now the matter must be settled, as between the officers and the soldiers, and one or the other must go to the wall. The gentlemen will go there. And, for my part, Maître Leroux, I hope they will be done for very soon, as, to tell you the truth, a musket on my shoulder would suit me much better than this apron round my loins."

Maître Jean laughed, and replied:

"With such notions you will never set up your shop. But never mind that, I am quite of your opinion, that very soon there will be no hindrance to young folks getting on, for, that Bouillé, who has just done his first stroke of business so successfully, will want to bring his Germans to Paris, you may be sure."

"So much the better," said Mouton, "he could not do us a greater service."

The assembly now sounded, and we had to hurry away. Mouton brought us back as far as the trees, and then shook hands with us, charging us with compliments for his friends and acquaintances at Phalsbourg.

After that we went on our way, and he returned to his shop. How little we thought that we had seen him who should, one day, replace Lafayette in the command of the National Guard of Paris.

The world is a strange place, especially in revolutionary times. He who, under ordinary circumstances, would have become a tavern-keeper, a grocer, or a sergeant, became a marshal of France, a king of Sweden, or an Emperor of the French. And the

others, whom we used to hold as eagles by right of birth, took their hats off to these people, humbly, in hopes of their patronage.

We reached Blamont the same evening, and the next day arrived at home, without any further adventures.

The bad news had travelled more quickly than our detachment, and the whole country was disturbed, for every one thought we should soon see the Austrians coming into Lorraine as if it belonged to them. The worst of it was, that we dared not say so. Our good king represented order, and the venal traitors of the National Assembly passed a vote of thanks to General Bouillé.

But, thank God, the Count d'Artois and his friends had not made quite so much way as they believed; some time was yet before us, ere we were doomed to see them at Paris again, with their rights of seniority, their law against sacrilege, and all their other follies. There was yet time for the Revolution to strike far different roots into the soil of France, roots which all the aristocrats and

all the Capuchins in the world can never eradicate, and which will constitute the lasting strength and the eternal honour of our country.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER our return to Baraques, the disturbance and discontent increased daily. Maître Jean, Létumier, Claude Huré, in short, all the purchasers of church property, began to be afraid that there was an intention of treating them as the soldiers of Chateau Vieux had been treated, and that not only were they to be deprived of their land, but the purchase money was to be retained. Then these cautious and prudent men became the most ardent and determined supporters of the Revolution. They were called "active citizens" because they paid the value of three days' work in contributions. They were almost all married men, and they only had the right to vote at the

election of deputies, municipal officers, judges, curés, and even bishops.

We, who had only our arms and our blood to give to the service of the country, were called "passive citizens," and we had no voice in the elections. The National Assembly, instead of uniting all the citizens by justice and equality, was doing just as our former kings had done, dividing them into classes in order to place them in opposition to each other, and thus to hold all under their yoke.

All our misfortunes during sixty years have proceeded from that. But the evil of such a decree had not yet become apparent, and we all, rich and poor, sided with the Revolution; because they who possessed nothing, derived from it the hope of possessing something, in time to come, through their industry, patience, and economy.

It was curious to observe, just then, how the "active" fraternised with the "passive" citizens; how Maître Jean would come and tap me on the shoulder, calling me a strong

defender of liberty; and how all the poor devils in the villages were patronised by the purchasers of the church property. These fortunate persons would shake the others by the hand, and say:

"We are all in the same boat; we must support one another through everything. These rascally nobles and bishops want to rob us, and to establish the old rights—but let them beware! True citizens, as we are, will let themselves be cut to pieces, rather than abandon their country!"

And so on.

Every evening, at the tavern, we used to hear this sort of thing. Maître Jean was "Hail, fellow; well met!" with everyone. He gave credit to the most notorious drunkards, and scored up five or six bottles of wine to them on his slate, when he knew quite well he should never see a farthing of their money. This is what honest men were forced to do, in order to gain friends, by a bad decree. How many battles are won by soldiers, in spite of the blunders of their leaders; and how much good sense the

masses require, in order to repair such blunders!

When Maître Jean talked of defence, several of the people did not hesitate to reply to him:

"That is all very well for you, Maître Jean! But we have nothing to defend, you must remember! We are nothing; we have no votes, not even in the affairs which most deeply concern us. The citizens do everything; they have taken everything upon themselves! Let every man defend himself in proportion to what he has."

Others supported his opinion, and would say:

"Maître Jean is right; we are all brothers; we will support our rights. Come, dame Catherine, let us have another bottle. To the health of all good patriots!"

And they did not dare to refuse, at a time when Lafayette was carrying votes of thanks to his cousin Bouillé for the Nancy massacres; and when the partisans of royalty announced that Louis XVI. was about to commence a tour through the country, in

order to re-establish order in the provinces. Of course, the monks and the Capuchins began to hold up their heads; they went about preaching, excommunicating, and damning everybody. They might be seen at all the cottage doors, exhorting the women to support the good God against their husbands, and this good God was no other than their convents, abbeys, forests, and fishponds, which they wanted to get back, by creating dissensions among us, even in our homes and families.

I had said nothing at home about my having seen Nicholas. If I had told them anything, I must have related his conduct in the massacre, his notions about the nobility, discipline, and all the rest of it. My father would have been grieved, and my mother would have thought he was perfectly right. She never saw me now without saying:

"As for you, you will get your bones broken for Maître Jean. You will come in for all the blows, and he will keep the stolen

property, if, indeed, he is not hanged with Dame Catherine, and their friend Chauvel. You will renounce your religion, and be damned, for the sake of a set of robbers!"

"Come, come," my father would say, gently, "don't make such a noise about it!"

But she made more noise than ever, and it was easy to perceive that she was repeating one of Brother Benedict's lessons, word for word.

I had not even any rest at the forge. Valentine, who dared not express his sentiments of thankfulness before Maître Jean, treated me to them incessantly.

"The nobles," he would say, "have had their revenge now, for the Bastille; it must have come, sooner or later, for right is right! And the descendants of the nobles must not be confounded with poor wretches like us. Mark my words, Michel, the National Assembly will soon be turned out of doors, his Majesty the King will undo all they have

done, and every one will be punished according to his crimes. As to Maître Jean, he might as well spare himself the pains of giving credit to Christopher Magloire, and Pierre Tournachon, for when his Majesty's troops come, every score will be wiped out, Holy Church will have her property again, and the evil will be repaired, either in the persons, or in the goods, of the guilty parties. I trust in God, we may still be allowed to ply our trade, but our faults have been great, and we have now put the finishing-stroke to our iniquities. Please God, we shall not be called to account for the past, for we have all deserved hanging, with our votes and our elections!"

Thus did this animal talk. If he had not been so foolish, we must have come to blows more than once; but I listened to him, as one listens to an ass braying, without answering. The same sort of thing was going on in all the villages, and in every house. If Bouillé could have carried out his design in Paris, perhaps the cause of the Revolution

might have been lost, through the activity of the monks, and the timidity of the people.

But, I am going to show you, that, though we were all profoundly discouraged, the patriots in Paris did not allow themselves to be easily put down, and that they had courage to resist, not only the court, but also the venal traitors of the National Assembly. Maître Jean had told me to write an account of all that had occurred, under our eyes, at Nancy; and as I always had a letter on hand, this was easy for me to do. Each evening, after my day's work, I sat down at the little bookcase which Marguerite had shown me, and wrote down everything in order.

Then, when I had time, I read for an hour or two, and afterwards I went away across the village, my mind full of many things concerning the lives of men, and especially of wonder at the great knowledge of some, and the ignorance of others. My chief happiness consisted in reading the

Encyclopædia; I never passed over anything; everything in it seemed admirable to me, and the articles of M. Diderot more admirable than the rest. Instead of going on my daily business blindly, as I had formerly done, every thing astonished and affected me, from the least blade of grass, upward to the stars. I would dearly have liked to understand mathematics, but that was beyond my reach, I had no one to teach me the first principles.

In my solitary walks I thought of Marguerite and of my father; sometimes with satisfaction, sometimes with sadness. I also thought of the great battles which the true representatives of the nation were fighting for the rights of the people. My heart was lifted up at the thought of them, and I often returned home long after midnight, without being in the least fatigued.

This was my life! On Sundays, instead of beginning to read at night only, I used to be at Chauvel's house at seven in the morning. My life seemed to me all fair and happy, es-

pecially after the many sufferings of my childhood, when I had so strongly desired to learn, but had not a moment to myself, when all my time belonged to a master.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE letter I had been engaged upon when Maître Jean told me to write the history of the disasters of Nancy, was almost finished, and the last pages were entirely occupied with that sad story. It was not completed until eleven o'clock, and then I opened a window and leaned out to refresh myself, and to think at leisure. The night was calm and clear.

As I looked into the little garden, on which the moon shone, I saw that the large round apples were ripe, and I thought of the pleasure it would have given Marguerite and her father to see and taste this delicious fruit. Suddenly it occurred to me:

"Why should they not taste them? I

should only have to gather the finest, and put them up in leaves in a strong basket, one over the other, in layers, and then to send them to Paris by Jean Maire, the carrier. To be sure, he will be a fortnight on the road, but the apples will keep longer than that."

This idea pleased me so much that I thought about it all night, and when, next day, I read my letter to Maître Jean, I consulted him respecting it.

"It is a capital notion, Michel," said he; "something from home, when one is far away, is always gratifying. I remember well, during my tour in France, in 1760, a journeyman named Christian Weber, arrived from Alsace. He had smoked sausages and chitterlings in his bag, and I never was better regaled than when I ate some of them. The scent of the pine came into my nostrils, I seemed to see our mountains again; and if my comrades had not been there, laughing and cramming themselves, I certainly should have cried. So that to-morrow morning, Michel, you shall gather the finest apples in Chauvel's orchard (and take care to tie a bag

round your waist before you get up into the trees, for fruit which has fallen spoils soon), and nearly fill the largest basket your father can let you have, with them. Then we will add a smoked pig's face, half-a-dozen good sausages, two bottles of white Alsatian wine, and two bottles of the best Lorraine wine I have in my cellar. Above all, we must not forget a few dozens of my large walnuts, for Chauvel, as you may remember, likes them particularly; he was always cracking nuts which he brought in his pocket, behind the stove. We will send all these things, and you must take care the basket is large, and strong. We could not do anything which would give them greater pleasure."

I thought so too, and seeing his approval, I was still more delighted with my fortunate idea.

I can hardly remember a happier day than that Sunday, on which, after I had chosen a basket from among the heap which my father had piled up beneath the staircase, I carried it on my shoulder to the "Three Pigeons,"

and when, a little later, I climbed the apple-trees, and gathered the best of the fruit, slipping each apple carefully into my bag. No, I never passed pleasanter minutes than those, because of the beauty of the fruit, and the happiness of picturing to myself Marguerite biting them with her little white teeth.

After that I went behind the tavern to beat the walnuts down off the great walnut tree, and as they came tumbling about me in dozens, I said to myself:

"Won't old Chauvel be pleased! Won't he crack them!"

I fancied I could see him cracking the nuts, and thinking:

"Michel is a good fellow!"

And then I found myself saying, to myself:

"Yes, M. Chauvel, Michel *is* a good fellow, and he loves you. Believe me, he would give his life for you and Marguerite. She never could find anyone who would love her so well, and make her so happy; no, it is not possible!"

My head was full of these thoughts, my eyes were full of tears.

"We arranged everything in the basket as Maître Jean had directed. The pig's face and the chitterlings were at the bottom, the apples, packed in hay, were in the middle, then came the walnuts, and above them the bottles, well covered with hay, and outside the basket a packing cover, strongly sewn with twine, and on a direction-card the following address :

"To Monsieur Chauvel,
"Deputy to the National Assembly,
"Rue du Bouloi, No. 11,
"at Paris."

This was all done in the public room by Maître Jean, Dame Catherine, Nicole, and myself.

Several other patriots having heard that we were sending some provisions to Chauvel, came to ask us to add something for them to our basket; smoked bacon, honey in the comb, some fine fruit, or some kirschenwasser;

unfortunately this was not possible, and we could only thank them all. The basket was very heavy already, it weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, but Jean Maire, who carried tens of hundredweights in his huge waggon, drawn by six horses, made nothing of it, and I saw him set off with his cargo on Monday evening.

We began to look out for news from Paris, but none reached us until the end of September, and in the interval we had interminable disputes at the "Three Pigeons."

At this time the *Red Book*, printed by order of the National Assembly, was first seen at Baraques. Old Rigaux, who had gone to Toul to take possession of a legacy, brought it from thence, and every evening we studied it with new wonder and indignation. Now we learned that not only had the officers robbed their men, but that we ourselves had for a long period been systematically pillaged by those noble lords who call themselves "courtiers," and to whose light fingers nothing came amiss.

The principal thefts were managed thus:

each time that the deficit forced the King's ministers to raise a new loan, their friends, those of the Count d'Artois, the Queen, and the princes, even down to the very servants of the court, were counted as lenders of a certain sum to the treasury, they took a receipt for this sum, which was called a coupon, without having contributed one farthing, and each in proportion to his or her villainy. And then we poor wretched toiling slaves were forced by new taxes to pay the perpetual interest upon the sums which these rogues had *not* lent to the Nation. God knows of what amount of money we had been robbed by this means; it can never be calculated.

Camille Desmoulins wrote in his newspaper, that these courtiers deserved to be hanged twenty-four millions of times over, because they had robbed twenty-four millions of poor people, and that it was all the more shameful because they called themselves "noble," and because everything was entrusted to them, and they ran no risk of being arrested.

I have the *Red Book*, and I should like to

give you the details, but it would take up too much space.

Valentine insisted that Chauvel and his associates had invented the *Red Book* in order to dishonour the nobles. When a man is blind you might hold the sun under his nose, and he could not see it; all the explanations in the world could not make Valentine perceive the truth.

In this month, September 1790, Louis XVI. dismissed Neckar; after de Bouillé's victory he thought he should not need his services any more.

Some people reviled Neckar because he also had granted pensions to his friends, and because he had for a long time refused to give up the *Red Book*—but others, like Maître Jean, said that a balance ought always to be struck between good and evil, that Neckar had not enriched himself, like the Cardinal de Brienne, that, if it had not been for Neckar's Report in 1778, the Revolution would not have come so soon, and that honest men ought to remember that.

I think he was right, but however that

may be, from the time of Neckar's dismissal Louis XVI. listened to the enemies of the Revolution, and they urged him so rapidly down the incline that in two years he reached the brink! It was that of the grave!

However, you will learn all that later on, I need not speak of it now.

In this same month, September, 1790, we at last received Marguerite's answer, and a large parcel of newspapers.

Here is the letter. I am going to copy it, word for word, because, in addition to the pleasure I take in recalling the days of my youth, it will make you understand better than I can all that was then going on in Paris. It will show you what was thought of the King, of Bouillé, of the *émigrés*, the clubs, and the National Assembly :—

"My dear Michel,

"We have received your letter, and the basket full of such good things—fruit, sausages, and old wine.

"We are much pleased with everything, notwithstanding the sad things which you

have had to relate to us. You must not be discouraged, but the contrary ; the more such deeds the aristocrats do the sooner we shall rid ourselves of them. The nation is opening its eyes more and more widely from day to day, and whenever it so wills, firmly, its troubles will be at an end.

"My father has so much to do at the Assembly and the Jacobin Club, that he charges me to thank you, Maître Jean, Dame Catherine, and all the friends who wished to put something in the basket. I am very glad to do so, for I have long been wishing to write to you.

"My father tells you nothing in his long letters except the affairs of the National Assembly and the country, and of course that is all right, so far as Maître Jean, Létumier, and all the patriots down yonder are concerned ; but Dame Catherine, Nicole, and even you, I am sure, will not be sorry to know in addition how we live, in what sort of place we are lodged, what I do from morning till night, what butter and eggs cost in the market, whether we rise early, whether we

pass the evenings together—in short, how we live.

"Well, that is just what I am going to tell you, so that, in a manner, you may be with us, and that you may see the difference between Baraques and Paris. It will take me some time, because I have seen not a little within the last fifteen months, and I have formed not a few ideas about this world of ours. But, never mind, you will listen to me, my good Michel, and I mean to persuade myself that we are talking together behind the big stove at the "Three Pigeons."

"First, you must know that we lodge on the fifth floor in a house as high as the great tower of Hart Bar; and that above our rooms there is a shoemaker's family. Their windows are in the roof, and they are always coming and going, and the children tumbling about over our heads. All the floors are similarly occupied, by a weaver, a sempstress, a musician, and lastly by one Jacques Pichaud, who has a plate on his door inscribed, '*huissier au Châtelet*,' and who is a kind of lawyer. A slippery, dark, dirty staircase extends from

top to bottom of the house, and is common to all these people, who thus live together, without knowing, without caring about one another, without even looking round, or saying 'Good day,' as they pass. All the houses in Paris are like that. Below, in the street, are the stores, the workshops, and the shops, with their signs, stretching away out of sight, shoemakers, grocers, ironmongers, fruiterers, etc., etc.

"The streets are full of black mud, and from morning till night streams of vehicles pass through them—landaus, berlins, chariots, coaches, waggons, carts, some round, some square, some long, some short, some with heaps of dirt piled on them, others with tall footmen standing up behind. They go on, they go on, amid the cries of a crowd of hawkers, who are all looking up into the windows for a sign from their customers that they are to come up with their wares.

"Then there are crowds of men and women pushing little carts before them, containing vegetables, water, or old clothes; there are people selling toys for children, and everything

else that can be thought of to extract money from the passers-by—they all sell, and they all cry their wares. The newspaper vendors make their way into the houses and *cafés* and stop you at the corners of the streets—which are covered with placards of all colours—by thrusting their newspapers into your face.

"All day long there is a humming noise throughout the city, from dawn, or even before it, until one or two o'clock in the morning. At about two there comes an interval of silence, unless a doctor's carriage passes through, or the patrol takes up a drunken man. Yes, we then enjoy a brief silence, but you must not suppose it is the cock which wakes us as at Baraques, or neighbour Rigaud's dog, it is the peasants' carts streaming in to the adjoining market, the braying of their asses, or their horses' bells. All these people come from two or three leagues around Paris, the men driving their vehicles and the women sitting on their asses, between the panniers of vegetables, eggs, butter, and other provisions. It is still dark when we begin to hear

them, the whips are cracked, the men cry "hue!" and the noise goes on increasing until it swells into the great roar which lasts all day.

"And now you have not the least idea of the great stir of life in Paris. You must bear in mind that more than seven hundred thousand people live in this city,—people of all sorts, from the richest to the most wretchedly poor, and that every day a hundred thousand more people come into it from every part of France, and other countries, to furnish their markets, their provision shops, and their cellars. Thus it is that famine is so terrible in Paris, because, even when the supply is slack for a few days, those who had only a little bread, a little oil, a little wine, have no longer anything at all, and the misery is then so great, that even the severest winters at home can give you no idea of it. The people who live just over your head, may be, quite unknown to you, dying of cold and hunger. They do not complain, because in this great city people do not know one another, and the poorest are sometimes the proudest.

"But I do not like to tell you about these things, my good Michel. We also know what it is to be poor, to toil and to suffer, and when one can do nothing to help the unfortunate, it is too painful to think of their wretchedness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I CAN hardly give you an idea of the size of Paris. You may walk for hours to the right or left, and on all sides, and it is always the same thing, always the same grey houses, the same dirty streets, a little wider, or a little narrower, that is all the difference; the same continuous stream of carriages, and the same endless line of shops, and the hawkers making the same hideous noise. Here and there you come upon a square, with a fountain, where women and water-sellers swarm, or on a great building, like the palace of Cardinal de Rohan, at Saverne, or a bridge, a market, a theatre, but there is the same miserable, neglected look about them all. In winter the mud comes up to one's ankles,

the snow melts as it falls, a thick fog covers everything, and the sadness and dulness extends even to one's own fireside. It is not as with us; beautiful snow lying on the woods and hedges, a grand white light which dazzles one, a brisk cold, which braces one up, and makes one run as if one could fly over the hard ground. All is fog, it gathers in the casements, it gets under one's skin, and the light is so obscured by it, that one thinks it must be evening at noontide. In summer one is stifled by the dust and the stench.

"What I tell you is the exact truth. We could not live in such a place,—at least, *I* could not, but for the courage which the knowledge that we are here to defend and maintain our rights inspires. My father thinks of nothing but the decrees of the Assembly, the speeches at the clubs, and the articles in the newspapers. He cares as little about one house as another, about snow and rain as about sunshine, and is contented with everything, provided affairs go well at the Constituent and at the Jacobins. Thus, since we have been here, I do all the household

business, pay everything, keep the accounts, go to market, mend our clothes, &c., and whenever I talk to him about our money matters, he says:

"'Never mind, never mind, I have not time to think about anything, you must tell me all about it another time. This evening we have a meeting, and I must see the newspapers, and think about the institution of juries, or the creation of assignats. Go away now, Marguerite.'

"And then I see by his face that there is no use in my saying anything, because when affairs don't go right at the Assembly it puts him out, and I am sometimes afraid of his getting quite ill with anger. But when things are going well, he takes me to the theatre,—even to the Jacobin Club, or the National Assembly, where I sit in one of the galleries. I have to be well dressed; I wear my little lace mob with the national cockade, and he takes me on his arm, and presents me to the patriots.

"'This is my daughter,' he says.

"I know all the patriots; M. Danton, M.

Camille Desmoulins, M. Fréron, M. Robespierre, M. Antoine (from Metz); in short, all, but I will tell you about them later on. I must go back to my household affairs now, they come into my first chapter, for Dame Catherine, and Nicole, and I do not wish to omit anything.

"In the first place, as to our lodgings: we have two little bedrooms, a small dining-room, and a tiny kitchen. The dining-room and my father's bed-room look out on the street; the kitchen and my room are behind, and look out on a court, from which I always turn my eyes away, so dark and murky is it, so full of windows underneath, and deep as a well. I am always afraid of falling head foremost into it.

"And now you would like to know what this residence of ours costs? It costs sixty francs a month, just ten times as much as we could hire our house at Baraques for. I know Dame Catherine and Nicole will lift up their hands in amazement, and say, 'Is it possible?' but such is the case. If my father had not been a deputy, we might have had a

smaller lodging under the roof for twenty or thirty francs, but a deputy of the Third Estate receives a number of visitors, and he must be well lodged, as it would not be right to make any savings out of what he is paid by the nation for representing it. It is not a place which one fills, it is a duty which the electors impose upon one, and by which one ought not to be enriched.

"We begin, then, with sixty francs per month, and you shall know all the rest.

"In the morning I rise at six o'clock, because my father has to go to the National Assembly at half-past eight at the latest, and his breakfast must be ready for him in time. I dress myself, take my basket on my arm, and set out to the market at the other end of our street. It is the market of the Innocents, and is really an old cemetery, encumbered with mouldy huts, with a lofty and handsome fountain in the centre, and a few tombs beyond the palisades. When the women come to market, between eight and nine o'clock, one cannot hear one's voice, for then the peasants conclude the sale of all the

articles they have brought, and the market women, as they are called, take possession of the stalls. The others are obliged to turn out immediately, and they sell off all their remaining goods for anything they can get. They push and drive one another, and make ten times as much noise as we used to hear at the fair of Saverne.

"I always buy from the same old woman. She wears a quilted hood, and her chin is adorned with a grey beard. She is a good old woman, who calls me 'her little patriot,' and always keeps a head of cabbage, and a few turnips and carrots for my *pot au feu*. I have to buy a great many things besides; a fish, a fowl, eggs, butter, and then there is the meat! Ah! how dear it is! and how much upon one's guard one must be against imposition. For example, Chartres butter is at sixteen sous, Longjumeau at twenty-five, Isigny thirty-two sous, and as they all resemble each other, one may very easily be deceived. But I took care in the first few days I came here to learn the right prices, and I am not to be cheated in anything.

"Meat is cheap this year; beef is fifteen sous, veal sixteen, and pork fifteen. These things will interest Dame Catherine; she will find a great difference between these prices and those of Baraques. You will have some idea of the cost of living when I tell you that coal and charcoal are sold by the pound. This traffic is peculiar to the Auvergnats, industrious and laborious people, who also sell water, and carry it for you on their shoulders, up to the fifth or sixth story. Even the little bundles of wood which we have for lighting our fires cost nineteen livres and six sous for two hundredweight. But, as two hundredweight of them would fill the kitchen, we have to buy them singly at two sous each.

"And this is not all. Without speaking of the milk, which they call cream, and the weak broth, which they call *consommés*, when your cookery is done, there are the candles, the sugar, the pepper, and salt. After the market woman and the butcher, one has to reckon with the grocer, and then with the laundress, the shoemaker, the tailor, there is

no end of it. One must buy, buy! Three-fourths of the indemnity they give us go in this way, and as for the remainder, my father expends it to the last farthing in buying books and newspapers, and in subscriptions for the distressed patriots.

"Everything is going on well, that is the chief thing. In spite of the deputies of the National Assembly, who have sold themselves to the Court, the people will have their rights, and we can bear witness that they have been hardly won.

"Only, if the true representatives of the nation, the honest people of the Assembly, and the patriots, had allowed the venal traitors to have their own way, we should already have had the bridle on our necks again, and might make up our minds to labour, suffer, and pay for them, as we did before the convocation of the States General.

"Fortunately, the clubs have made a stand; and, first of all, the Breton Club, which meets at the cloister of the Jacobins, near our house. My father goes there every even-

ing, and meets the best patriots, and their sittings are held in an old empty library, since the Jacobins have emigrated. This, and the Club of the Cordeliers, at the Cour de Commerce, on the other side of the river, are the best in Paris.

"In the early days only the representatives went there, but for some months past several patriots who do not belong to the National Assembly have been going, and every day it is more and more talked of. MM. Danton, Legendre, Frèron, Pétion, Brissot, Camille Desmoulins, are quite at home there. When the nobles are becoming unbearable, when they make a noise at the Assembly, calling to one another 'Vicomte so and so, don't you think we have had enough of this tomfoolery, suppose we go?' or when they say 'will you hold your tongue, you brawlers; the only way to silence this rabble is by cannon balls,' as they are in the habit of saying, the Jacobins' and Cordeliers' Clubs meet on the following day. The tocsin is sounded, the patriots, the market people, men and women, flock to the Assembly, with shovels, and

kettles, and saucepans, with everything that can make a noise in short, crying out: 'To the lamp-post. The aristocrats to the lamp-post, *ca ira!*' and the others tremble and hide themselves.

"How Maître Jean and Létumier would laugh at the sight of this general rout. They call it a manifestation. The aristocrats call it an insurrection. M. Lafayette mounts his white horse, assembles the National Guards, makes speeches, and gesticulates frantically to M. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris. But, the next day, everyone laughs, and they say: 'The aristocrats were frightened! They will have good sense for a fortnight; after that, they will begin again, and we will begin again.'

"Lafayette is always there on his white horse, having the drums beaten, saluting the king, the queen, and haranguing the nation; but, from time to time, he also tries to check the patriots; and, if it were not for the women who side with the revolution, and who forbid their husbands to obey him, he would have done serious mischief long ago.

"I tell you all this, Michel, because it is impossible that you at Baraques can understand all these details. There, we used to know nothing but the militia and the taxes; but if the Parisians did not hold their own with all these counts, marquises, and bishops, the revolution would be stopped, and France would be pillaged by the nobles. Marat, the friend of the people, is the quickest and best hand at discovering their plots. He denounces every one of the evil race, the king, the queen, the princes, the clergy, the nobility, the former parliaments, the municipality, the districts, the staff of the paid guard, and M. Mottié, their general; the procureurs, the financiers, the discounters, the depredators, the leeches of the State, and the innumerable army of enemies of the public weal.

"Sometimes he goes a little too far, and my father acknowledges that he does so, and says we ought to believe that there are honest men among our enemies; uninstructed beings who are deceived, because they have been made to believe, since their child-

hood, that they are of more value than other men; that they belong to different species. Thus, stupidity has grown upon them, and with perfect good faith, they believe things which are utterly false.

"He says there are numbers of ambitious men among us, false patriots, who ask nothing better than to ape grandeur, to deny their origin, to cover themselves with decorations, to draw pensions without having earned them, to treat their fellows like lackeys, and even to sell themselves to the first comer, if they were worth purchasing. How wrong it is to flatter and deceive the people by telling them that they possess all the virtues, for it is not true.

"Among the citizens and the people there are many cheats, and it may be that in the end perhaps, after the victory of the people, we shall see miserable, contemptible beings flaunting with as much pride as the former nobles themselves, and even more insolence; and may remember that they renounced their own blood to climb into the places of others,

in the hope of making people forget, by their arrogance, that their fathers were stable-boys and their mothers dairymaids. I trust we shall never behold such abominations, my good Michel, for that would be the shame and the desolation of the human race!

"My father is often very angry, such instances as that of Maury exasperate him, but he soon calms himself, and always ends by saying:

"'All this does not signify; the great thing is to establish good laws, so that no rascals, be they of the people, the citizens, or the nobility, shall raise themselves over the heads of honest men, to subdue them, and set their feet on their throats, in order to live at their expense.

"'The great thing for us at present is to have men like Danton, Robespierre, Gregoire, Desmoulins, &c., to enlighten the nation, and make them understand that our union is our salvation. These men will save France, they will upset all those venal traitors at the first elections, and in a few months we shall hear no more about them. The others will resort

to calumny and abuse to destroy them, but the truth always wins the day in the end, and when the people suffer, they acknowledge their faults, and put the rascals back into their proper place.'

CHAPTER XIX.

"YOU will readily believe, Michel, that while the curé Jacques lived with us, the patriots of the Jacobin club did not come to our lodgings. My father did not dare to invite them, for there were many questions among those certain to arise which would have set them by the ears, but since then they come sometimes to consult with my father upon the measures to be taken at their meetings, and you would be surprised to find how simple and natural they are. Just in proportion as the intriguers are always acting, and putting on airs of importance, the true friends of the people are candid, and set you at your ease.

"M. Danton, who marched as a national guard with his section, got me a capital place

at the *fêtes* of the Federation, close to the Altar of the Country. He came for me himself, and brought me to his young wife, to whom he said:

"'Sit down and talk to her. I am sure you will get on well together.'

"She is very handsome. We talked like old friends, she seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly, notwithstanding that the rain was falling heavily; and when M. Danton returned to take her home in a carriage, she made me promise to go and see her, and shook hands with me.

"M. Camille Desmoulins, who had just met my father at the Champ de Mars, got into our carriage. He was exclaiming against the King, who had taken advantage of the rain to hide himself in his pavilion, instead of taking the oath upon the Altar of the Country, as was his duty. But when he heard the shouts of 'Long live the Nation!' which rent the sky, he cried:

"'Never mind, Chauvel, the people are with us. All hearts beat in unison for justice, liberty, and the country!'

"His eyes sparkled, and I could have wept for pleasure. Each group who passed us uttered eager shouts, shook their poplar branches, and waved their hats and caps, adorned with cockades; there was no end of it, and the thousand bells of the town rang out all the time.

"The sun shone again.

"At five o'clock we got out of our carriage opposite the Tuileries, where the King lives. M. Camille Desmoulins gave me his arm to the Café Hollot, just below the terrace of the Feuillants. Numbers of patriots and national guards, with their wives and children, were there, laughing and enjoying themselves. M. Desmoulins came to salute and thank us before he went away to write his newspaper.

"You see, Michel, how good and how free from pride these people are. At home, the smallest official seems to think it makes little of him to be polite. This is pitiful, but all those who are nothing in themselves, and only derive a little importance from their place, act in that kind of way. Even in the

little villages about Paris they may be recognised by their majestic and ridiculous airs.

"We have known M. Camille Desmoulins ever since our arrival here. My father, who considers him one of the best patriots, had circulated his journal largely in the Assembly, and he had at once sent us tickets for the National Theatre, for that of Mademoiselle Montausier, at the Palais Royal, and for the Comédiens de Beaujolais. I was delighted with the "Siege de Calais," and the "Chêne Patriotique." The cries and gestures of the actors, who came and went, lifting up their hands, and groaning, touched my heart, and the peasants, dressed in silk, with the shepherdesses in little red shoes, enchanted me. But I changed my mind about that when my father, who was fidgeting and yawning all the time, said to me one evening:

"'There, Marguerite, that is how his Majesty knows the peasants; that is where he has seen them! They are strong and fat, well fed, well dressed, in good health, and

the soldiers love the glory of the king better than their homes. He must be astonished when people talk about famine, and the Parisians must be indignant when they find that we are not content, for we have abundance of everything; our granaries are filled with corn, barley, and oats; our dairies with milk and cream, and our cellars with good wine. We go regularly every evening with our shepherdesses to dance on the greensward, at the water's edge, and from time to time a young prince or nobleman carries off one of our daughters, whom he afterwards marries. I should never have believed that we were so fortunate! And if one judges of their kings, their nobles, all their fine people, according to the peasants, what these people make them say is about as true as what that goose-girl, who expects to be made a queen, and certainly will be so before the piece ends, is singing. The soldiers at the siege of Calais, jesting in the mud, and without rations, are just as real as all the rest;—as the conference on Parnassus, for instance, at which gods, with crowns of gilded paste-

board, talk like born fools. I put all these things on the same level; these people talk of everything else just as they talk of our villages, and know as much about Apollo, or the kings of the world, as they know about us. It is pleasant to look at such plays, and to be instructed after such a fashion.'

"I saw that he was right, and since then I prefer to remain in our room, ironing our linen, or mending my stockings, to going to theatres to look on at things which are contrary to good sense.

"Now, Michel, I find I am drawing near the end of my paper, and I must not forget something which will give you and all the patriots at Baraques pleasure to hear. When your last letter reached us, everyone was talking of the affair of Nancy, and we did not know what to think of the praise which Lafayette lavished on his cousin Bouillé. The National Assembly praised him up to the skies; and the King asked the Citizen Guards to pass a vote of thanks to him. When my father read your letter, he was in the greatest joy. 'Now we shall know the truth!' said he. 'Michel

is a fine fellow, who tells us clearly what he has seen,—this is no comedy; this is not *Esope à la foire;* he speaks with good sense. Michel makes progress every day; he is reading Diderot, and profiting by it,—so much the better.'

"Fancy how delighted I was to hear this! Then he folded up the letter, and put it in his pocket, saying: 'The deputy, Regnault, from Lunéville, spoke at the club yesterday; and he complained that the National Guards of La Meurthe had not yet been thanked for their devotion, and that there was to be a preliminary enquiry. Well, I will read this letter to them, and then we shall see what Regnault will suggest.'

"I had already gone several times to the club without being much amused; but when I heard that my father was going to read your letter to the patriots, I immediately asked him to let me accompany him.

"'Very well,' said he, 'make haste and dress yourself, for we must not be late.'

"We had just supped, and I had barely time to wash my plates, and put on my cotton

dress, with the little bunches of flowers on it, and my mob-cap. Then I took his arm, and we set out at half-past seven.

"The Breton club is only two minutes' walk from our lodging. The door of the old cloister, with the tricolour flag hanging before it, and two poplars in the interior of the court, opens out of the Rue Saint-Honoré. The building is on the right, on entering this court; the door is always open, except when it rains, and those who come late have to listen to what is going on, amid the noise of the carriages.

"When we arrived we found the benches already almost full. The president, M. Robespierre, a pale, thin young man, in a sky blue coat and a white vest and cravat, was ringing the bell to announce that the sitting had commenced. I went at once under the arcades where the women sit, at the lower end of the hall, and I saw MM. Pierre and Danton shaking hands with my father before he took his seat. The old clerk, Lafontaine, read the minutes of the previous day's proceedings,

and, when he had finished, my father rose in his place, and said:

"'I shall have to reply to the complaints of the deputy Regnault, of Lunéville, who demands public thanks for M. Bouillé, and for the National Guards of La Meurthe, who marched under his orders. I ask permission to read to you a letter from a national guard of my bailiwick, on this subject,—he is a man for whom I can answer as though he were myself, and he was in the action.'

"'You have right of speech,' said the President.

"This is always done in Paris, so that, instead of two or three speaking at once, each trying to drown the voices of the others, every man speaks in his turn, and all are satisfied.

"My father then read the letter, in the midst of a profound silence, and I need hardly say how my heart beat. We began where you heard the first cannon fired, on your way to Saint Nicholas, and he read on to your meeting with the hussars, who were massacring the people. His clear voice penetrated to every corner of the hall. You could

not picture to yourself the indignation of the crowd when they learned that the National Guard, the patriots, had been sent away before the attack, that the Germans might pillage and massacre at their ease, and I never could describe it to you. They sprang up from the benches, on all sides, and in the galleries, and there was nothing to be heard for at least ten minutes but the hum of angry voices, and M. Robespierre's bell, which he rang with all his strength. At last the men sat down, and my father went on reading your letter, but he could not reach the end, because, when he came to your description of the horrors you saw at the Porte Neuve, the storm of indignation broke out again, and he stopped. Then, with his face as pale as a corpse, he said:

"'Need I go on? You now know the affair of Nancy; you now see whether the National Guards of Lorraine claim any share in the glory of Bouillé; you now see whether the patriots from our part of the country wished to stain their hands with the blood of their brethren. I knew it; I was sure of

it; they all weep for these misfortunes. Ah! let this cup be removed from our lips; let Bouillé's Germans drink it by themselves,—it turns our stomachs!'

He sat down amid a tempest of shouts, which only the great voice of M. Danton could still. He thanked my father for having enlightened the club upon this awful massacre; he said that the patriotic provinces of the East are incapable of lending their hands to the manœuvres of foreigners, and that such a calumny shall not be hurled against them.

"And, you must know, Michel, that in spite of the approbation of the National Assembly, deceived by the venal traitors; in spite of the intrigues of Bailly and Lafayette; in spite of all the royalist journals, twenty-eight battalions of the National Guard have refused to vote the thanks which the King demanded for M. Bouillé, and that the battalion of Val de Grace protested against it, saying, 'That far from being a hero, animated by patriotism, Bouillé could be nothing but a man who was greedy of blood and carnage; and that, on an impartial examination, the

victory deserved punishment rather than laurels.'

"You will be glad to hear this good news. Ah! it is not only we who are for justice and liberty. The good Parisians side with us; and we may say that all honest people have joined hands.

"But the end of my paper is near, and I have many other things about which I should like to write, such as the death of Loustalot, and the encomiums passed upon his courage and devotion. You would have been touched; but I have no more space, I must finish soon. Next year, I hope, we shall talk quietly of all this, sitting in Maître Jean's chimney corner. Then the constitution will be finished, and the rights of man gained! Ah! how happy we shall be; but we shall still need patience. In the meantime, I know you will take care of our little garden, Michel. When I think of it, I smell the scent of the fruit in the upper room, in autumn, and I see them stored on the shelves. My only consolation is in thinking that you are there every evening, and that you bring little Stephen with you,

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and give him some apples and pears. So much the better. I am glad of it.

"And now, I have done. Adieu, all my friends, adieu. Tell all our good friends at Baraques who wished to put something in the basket, that it is just as if we had received their presents, and that we thank them a thousand times. Adieu, Dame Catherine, Maître Jean, Nicole, Michel, adieu!

"MARGARET CHAUVEL.

"Paris, 14th September, 1790."

END OF VOL. II.

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